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thought of the university, he snapped: "No comment." Tom Sr. spoke to his son in private. Later Tom Jr. announced that he thought the university was "wonderful." Dewey made no bones about wishing he had left the boys at home. "They got too much attention," he said sadly, "and much of the good work Mrs. Dewey and I put in on them was undone."

ARMY & NAVY

More Brass

Army & Navy brass hats, who had been nervously fingering their temporary wartime stars ever since V-J day, were feeling a little starchier last week. In the last-minute rush of closing, Congress had authorized a nearly 400% increase' in the number of permanent generals and admirals. Since 1939 the Navy had rated only 86 permanent flag officers, the Army 71 generals. Under the new setup the Navy would have 195, the Army 184 and the new, autonomous Air Force 150. But even so all the wartime bigwigs would not hold onto their brass. Still in the process of weeding out the excess stars, the Army (including its air arm) last week had 500 generals on the rolls, the Navy 400 admirals.

No Meat, No Drink

In Manhattan last week, 500 delegates to a convention of the American Naturopathic Association formed the American Vegetarian Party and nominated a 1948 presidential candidate. Their man: Dr. John Maxwell, 84, Jove-bearded, pint-" sized proprietor of a Chicago vegetarian restaurant, who says he has tasted no meat for 45 years. He hoped to get some

5,000,000 votes; 3,000,000 from vegetarians, the rest from "prohibitionists, anti-vivisectionists, anti-cigaret groups and other people of similar high moral principle."

The prohibitionists already had their own man. The Prohibition Party's presidential nominee was Dr. Claude A. Watson, 62, onetime minor league ballplayer, now a Free Methodist preacher in Los Angeles. This was pink-cheeked Dr. Watson's second try; he polled 75,000 votes in 1944. He opened his 1948 campaign last week with a barn-storming tour of dry Kansas, flying in his own plane. He hoped to do better this time. Said he: "If the church people vote like they pray and if the prohibitionists stand fast . . I will be the next President."

VIGIL'S END

Associated Press

The day before this picture was taken, Mrs. Agnes Thomas spread a picnic lunch beside a reservoir near Van Nuys, Calif., then began calling for her seven-year-old daughter and her nine-year-old son. Neither answered. Casually, then frantically, she began searching the area near where they bad been wading. A lifeboat with dragging-hooks arrived; its crew toiled long after dark, found nothing. The next morning a husky lifeguard put on an incongruous set of rubber swim fins, joined the search. He discovered both children lying dead in six feet of water. He waded out with the little girl's body and laid it gently on the shore. Hysterically Mrs. Thomas cried: "We don't have any more babies!"

FLORIDA

The Red Tide

At St. Petersburg, the, tarpon boats lay idle at their piers. Down the coast at Sarasota, merchants glumly watched the summer vacationists pack their bags and leave. The beach hot-dog stands were deserted at Indian Rocks and Pass-a-Grille; many beach cottages were empty. Under the hot summer sun, the stench of rotting fish seeped into houses, clung to clothes. The strange phenomenon which Floridians called the "Red Tide" had come back to the Gulf Coast.

The Red Tide had appeared off the west coast of Florida last January (TIME, Feb. 10). Fishermen first noticed long, wavering streaks of reddish-amber smudging the blue Gulf waters. Floating in the streaks. bellies up, were thousands of dead fish.

By the thousands, the carcasses had washed ashore on the beaches between

Boca Grande and Naples.
Mottled Death. The amber streaks disappeared. Then, in the middle of July. the Red Tide reappeared off Gasparilla Island. Slowly, it worked northward, dissipating mysteriously, as mysteriously reforming. Last week off St. Petersburg. the Red Tide stretched in mottled patches over an area 60 miles long and 25 miles wide. As it spread, fish flopped crazily on the edges and died. Flies buzzed over their rotting carcasses on the beaches. Shore residents suffered headaches, burning throats and coughs.
Those who tried swimming in the infected water complained of breaking out in a rash. Strangely, no sea birds wheeled and screamed over the decaying mass. They had disappeared.
60 Million to a Quark. At first, fishermen made big hauls of redfish, mullet. and grouper, which fled into the shallow bays and inlets to escape the plague. But their catches stayed in the fish houses. People did not feel like eating fish.
No one knew for certain what had caused the phenomenon. Dr. F. G. Walton Smith, director of the University of Miami's Marine Laboratory, was sure it was a sudden multiplication of a new species of tiny. one-celled organisms called gymnodinium. He had found as many as 60 million of them in a quart of "red" water. The fish were killed either by a poison secreted by these organisms or as a result of their death and decay, he thought. Their sudden appearance might be explained by an increase in the phosphate content of Gulf water from phosphate plants near Tampa.
Property-owners manned shovels and wheelbarrows, held their noses and tried to bury the fish. Beaches were drenched with DDT. At week's end, the Red Tide still mottled the Gulf. The only hope for suffering Floridians was that a storm would break up the amber plague or carry it somewhere else.
TIME, AUGUST 11, 1947

[PAGE BREAK]

NILS

A PER FOR SALE FOR SALE FOR
He Has a Weird Television Menagerie
Ivan Sanderson Scores
A Hit With His Pare
Exotic Creatures & 1953
Last of a Scriics.
By FREDERICK WOLTMAN,
Staff
and
Air
Writer.
Radio Station WITH in Baltimore was in a fix. Its disk jockey had been larding his program with tales of his pet, Chumley, a weird creature of practically unknown genus.
Chumley was fast becoming both a mystery and a by-word. As interest mounted, demands flowed in that the animal be
produced
Chumley couldn't be produced. Chumley was imaginary. So WITH sent a desperate call for help to Ivan Terence Sanderson.
Sanderson, a graduate of Cambridge University whose great-great-grandfather first made Vat 69, scanned his animal repertory. He found one that measured up, aj rare kind of West African lemur with enormous eyes, called a galago.
Chumley became a galago, in person.
This was hardly more than a routine chore among the abundant and fascinating achievments of
Ivan T. Sanderson
Distinguished Naturalist.
As television's rare and exotic animal expert, he has probably imparted
zoological
more
data
over the airwaves and introduced more unusual jungle fauna oyer TV than all other naturalists rolled into one.
Sanderson animals, under the registered name of Animodels, have appeared on some 700 programs, accompanied by the erudite but lighthearted and witty commen-| tary of their owner
They run from a crab-eating| raccoon from South America and

a king
that stands
vulture
on his shoulder to a frisky arma-
a
the
eastern
Ivan T. Sanderson, who scouts rare and exotic animals for
television, above introduces his armadillo to a king vulture. At
left, a spectacled owl and an owl-faced monkey pose compatibly on
their master's arms,
Photos by Palumbo.
the Royal Society of London and five, while going to an English
private school; also became curious
similar sediate institutions.
Some of what he calls the about hieroglyphics. Next year he
pompou titles of my more scien- wrote the head of the British Mu-
tific opera" include:
seum, asking for a complete list
"The Amphibians of the Mamfe of African antelopes. As a result,
Division, Cameroons-(2) Ecology museum officials took the lad un-
of the Frogs Zoological Society der wing.
of London.
Between Eton and Cambridge.
"A Journey in Dutch Guiana." his mother let him take a trip
Geographical Society, and "Tech- around the world. Spent his 17th
niques for Dating Cave Deposits." birthday inspecting the Egyptain
National Speological Society of Pyramids. In Ceylon he collected
rats for the British Museum.
America, of which he's a vice
president.
Suspended Animation.
Writes Book on Whaling.
In 1935 he made a study of
vampire bats for the government
of Trinidad, where they were
dillo; a Borneo civet that has what to do wh a pet monkey was killed by the charging rhino
For a quarter of a century; he spreading an epidemic of rabies.
never been classified and takes that's got rouh; how to collect on his game preserve in Kenya in]
has collected odd facts in natural Found the blood-lapper fed not
several hours to collar for a show; seashells from Islands off the West 1924.
history. These are stored in bulg-only off humans and cattle but off
six-foot emu; a leopard-like African coast how to identify a The films were taken by Martini
ing files and incorporated as Ivan all creatures with blood, includ-
paradine jenet; a coati mundi and jawbone found on the Jersey and Osa Johnson and this
frag-Sanderson, Inc., a professional re-ing frogs.
a bug-eyed monster, scientifically shore. The last one turned out to ment, appeared in their movie
search unit.
"Bats are a frightfully impor-
called a douroucouli.
be the skull of a rare dolphin "Cimba
His young grison, a South Amer- never before seen off
A current project, for a Cali- tant part of the economy. Some

ican weasel, is a sure-fire hit on shores of North America.
Subsequently. Ivan helped edit fornia chemical concern, involves species eat twice their weight
the Johnson footage into 26 half-
a study of suspended animation tin nightly," Ivan points out.
food product shows. For grison Last year Explorers Pictures, hour TV shows, "The Big Game spiders, caused by the sting of an
pups are excessively greedy: in- Inc., asked Ivan to look over Hunt," which is running currently African wasp. Instead of dying. At 10 he spent a season on a
deed, if permitted, will eat them-2,000,000 feet of African wild ani- in eight cities. Each film he the spiders live nine months, as Norwegian whaler Now, after 10
selves unconscious. They love all mal movies it had assembled. His opens and closes with one of his if refrigerated. The firm would years' research, he's finishing a
food products. And a hungry assistant, Eddie Schoenenberger. Animodels.
like to get hold of four grams of definitive book on whales and
grison youngster rolls them in the selected a random can of the film
aisles.
Of nine animal books he has the serum.
whaling. Among other things, it
and played it on the wall of the written, "Animal Treasure" was a
"Right now we're trying to iden- will establish that whaling goes
Sanderson headquarters at 325 W. 1937 Book-of-the-Month
tify the particular wasp out of back as far as 16,000 B. C.
choice. One critic wrote: "I know 10,000 species," he says. "We're
As a sideline, he made a study
tom-toms: "I've counted 30 dif-
Last year he started a privata ferent percussion instruments in
Back of his showmanship and zoo in collabration with the Stam- one orchestra. Your Indians are
There he keeps lovely people. But their music is
television. ford Museum.
nose. animal scouting for
a solid some of his expanding list of 40 just bang, bang bang. No rhythm."
networks and his current 18-
Ivan,
42, has
After working in British Naval
scientific grounding. After Eton, rare Animodels Their collection
month weekly run on the Garry
Moore show over CBS-TV have camera range, human leg shot he majored in zoology, botany and and training, for TV and other Intelligence during the war and
as British Information afterwards.
turned him into an information up past one corner of the picture geology at Cambridge. He led six exhibition,
After the first shock, Ivan got scientific expeditions to Africa, the Animal Treasures, Inc. Mrs. San- Ivan became an American citizen
in 1947. Had $127 in the bank
West Indies, Mexico and South derson is the office manager.
He gets about 30 queries a week, the pitch.
Ivan began to collect moths at and a wife in the hospital.
It was the leg of his father who America for the British Museum,
from video fans who want to know!
Black-Plumed Marmoset.
45th St.
Club

of wasps."
His star is Skippy, a black-|
A Shocking Picture.
plumed marmoset, that brings
of no book that brings the African going through the entire literature of African music and collected
[AD] $150-a-show. After 202 TV en- The very first scene showed a jungle nearer to the armchair."
gagements, Skippy is now in semi-charging rhinoceros.
A bullet, Scientific Background.
retirement.
coming from the direction of the
Ivan's appearances on all the camera, hit the rhino in the
'bureau on natural history.
As the animal werved out of
IIOW
he incorporated
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM SUN
(W. T. & SUN)
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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NLLS..
ALISTAIN TH
ANGISH VERY FOR BELED THE NI SNOLLUTION SHE WORE
How Do Animals Get To Be That Way?
Fascinating Accounts of Frogs, Shrews, Lemurs, Lizards and Other Unusual Creatures
ANIMAL TREASURE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson.. 325 pp.
New York: Viking Press... $3.
HERALD
Reviewed by
CLIFFORD H. POPE
Author of "Stakes Alive" 1937
celtelling animals of
stop-
VAN T. SANDERSON has written a
fascinating book on the
Africa without once telling
ping the charge of lion, rhino or gorilla with
high-powered rifle. This alone is an ac-
complishment of no small merit. Never-
theless, hippos, leopards and other large
animals enter his story and there is an
exciting account of a successful gorilla
hunt. His book stands as additional proof
that a frog or a shrew, a lemur or a liz-
ard may be vastly more interesting than
lion or rhino.
He also convinces one that
the truth about wild animals is quite as
thrilling as the most carefully constructed
fabrication.
At grade school Mr. Sanderson learned

that "sunlight and palm trees encircle the earth's tummy like a girdle'; at the age of seventeen he succumbed to the call of the tropics and went on a collecting trip to the East Indies. There he worked long and hard but only on his return to learn at a great museum that all his labors had been merely a poor duplication of what the famous explorer and scientist Alfred Russel Wallace had accomplished many decades before. This first great shock to his youthful enthusiasm convinced him that something was wrong with expedition methods. He could not then fully determine what was wrong but soon afterward, at Cambridge, he received confirmation of his own half-formed theories. A professor explained that the progress of zoology can be divided into three stages: the what, the how and the why stages. A legion of collectors has enabled scientists at museums to get well through the first of these, thus preparing the way for the second which is being attacked chiefly by university physiologists and experimental zoologists.

All this showed what the trouble had been with his East Indian collecting. There he had merely contributed to the what stage just as Wallace had done so long before. The only course open was to figure out how an expedition might contribute to the how stage. This he did by planning to live in the "field" where experiments could be carried on and animals observed through the four seasons.

His next major difficulty was the selection of a place to work. He had learned that West Africa not only is the home of extremely interesting animals but the most unspoiled part of Africa as well. This settled the matter and he left for British Cameroons as leader of the Percy Sladen Expedition with seven major objectives: certain "innerds" of a flying squirrel and of a lemur; skins and skulls of leopards; data on the breeding habits of wormlike burrowing amphibians called coecilians; specimens of the Potamogale (an exceedingly rare water shrew) of Podogona, and

of clawed water toads, and lastly "something concrete" about fresh water dolphins. He attained all but one of these objectives and that one (the last named) probably belongs to the realm of fancy. In addition numerous
experiments were performed,
thousands of both rare and common creatures collected and many notebooks filled with data on their habits. Many species brought back which proved to be new to science have already been described in technical journals.

"Animal Treasure" is in no sense a travelogue; the reader is not dragged about from place to place. Rather he is introduced to one world of- animals after another. These animals are not grouped by blood relationship but
by choice of similar
habitats. For example,
frogs enter several of
the worlds described-
that of the tree tops,
of the
jungle floor
(under as well as on it), of grassy regions, hollow trees and of swift as well as quiet murky waters.

One species (glorying under the name Trichobatrachus robustus) even divides its forces by sexes and invades two worlds, the larger male living in water, the smaller female in burrows in solid ground. This in itself is astonishing but by no means is it the most remarkable thing about this frog. The male has the sides of its body and hind legs covered with "hairs" which are not hairs at all but hairlike growths of the skin. These growths were known to be an accessory breathing mechanism but not until Mr. Sanderson's observations were I made could it be realized that the hairs were necessary to the male because of its aquatic habitat but unnecessary to the ter-
On top of all this, Mr.
restrial female.
Trichobatrachus has a peculiar lung which doubtless enables it to regulate its specific gravity and raise or lower itself in the water like a submarine.

Or, entering the hidden world of the "up top," what could be more appealing

than the angwantibo, a little lemur that spends most of its time suspended below branches like a sloth, even sleeping thus? Its hip joint is constructed so loosely that the angwantibo performs stunts calculated to make the best contortionists writhe with envy; it sometimes reverses its topsy-turvy direction of march by simply walking back over its own chest and belly right through the arch formed by its hind legs.

Mr. Sanderson's success was the result not only of his energy and ingenuity but of his ability to submerge himself in his The jungle is to him like environment.

the bottom of the ocean across which innumerable forms of life drift to and fro. He often speaks of drifting and eddying along with its slow moving currents. Sometimes currents near the ground move one way, those high up in the trees another; storms hasten these currents but noontime of bright days brings them almost to a standstill.

Sounds were of major importance at all times. Many a weird creature was traced to its hiding place by its call or whistle. Most astonishing of these was the whistling lizard, a creature that will strain the Once Mr.

credence of many a reptile man. Sanderson learned that he was the unwelcome guest at a "belching party" of drills (a kind of baboon) only by imitating the embarrassing noises that issued from his hosts in their bewildering con- this His from cealment. escape

usual gathering is a thrilling story in itself. un-

After reading "Animal Treasure" I feel as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of a human microscope that brings the smaNest creature up to similar proportions with the largest, making au equally interesting. Although the author keeps the center of focus on the animals, he takes us into his confidence and describes in detail his own emotions at each

new encounter and discovery. Indeed one of the charming elements of the book is the youthful freshness and enthusiasm that permeates it throughout. The personality of Mr. Sanderson is readily read between the lines.

The introduction warns us that we are not going to read about "bad cooks, angry chiefs, shipping offices and all the rest," but the author, nevertheless, manages to draw vivid and sympathetic pictures of the human beings surrounding him, from his own helpers to numerous chiefs and their retainers. Some of the most amusing and choice passages of the book describe the ever astonishing behavior of Africans.

Drawings of thirty-two animals from life prove the author to be an artist of great skill. These illustrations add a touch of beauty that could not easily be sur-

"Animal Treasure" is indeed a passed.

work of art. from start to finish. Every naturalist and scientist will devour this book and no lover of nature or adventure should let it escape.

Drawings by Ivan T. Sanderson from "Animal Treasure"

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SECTION X - PAGE 3

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 26 NOVEMBER 1939 - SUNDAY
66

Tropical Research as Exciting Adventure

Collector of Animal Specimens for a Museum Has a Grand Time in Various Jungles

CARIBBEAN
TREASURE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson
292 pp.
•MERALD TRIBUNE
Viking Press!

written
mented by
acting animals. The charm of the book, in fact, lies in the emphasis that it places on the behavior of the many forms of life both high and loat parade across its pages. The

descriptions are supple-
thirty-two beautiful
Sketches. Among others are lifelike pictures of such characteristic New World mammals as armadillos, ant-eaters, sloths, howling monkeys, blood-lapping bats, ocelots and agoutis.

RevieweNOV 26 1939ke

CLIFFORD H. POPE

HE little liner splashed, along over the sparkling sea toward a dark green streak on the horizon, while at the same time it edged tangentially toward a mysterious line of dirty foam that stretched athwart the sea. When at last the keen prow of the vessel cleaved this line we looked down upon the first of South America's wonders. A thrill like electricity show through me, starting somewhere in my feet and ending in my lungs, so that it interfered with my breathing. Wave upon wave of realization rolled over me. Soon I should once more be in the shining, whirring, struggling, luscious mass of animation that is the jungle."

In Surinam Mr. Sanderson found that he could buy many species by simply renting a house and making it known that he wanted them. Thus certain desiderata could be most easily secured. This method, however, had its difficulties, since providing temporary living quarters for the flood of creatures that arrived all too precipitately was no mean task, and for a time every one was engaged in making cages out of packing boxes. One morning at breakfast the author became aware that his wife, who always accompanied him, was speaking softly but petulantly

"What was that, dear?" he inquired absent-mindedly.

"I only said that the monkey which passed the window just now looked very much like Jakob."

"They're quite common here," mumbled her husband, a mouth-

ful of egg in mid-air.
Thus Ivan T. Sanderson describes his excitement at approaching the shores of a new continent, and in this paragraph we find the key to the fascination of this explorer's accounts of his expeditions to tropical jungles. It is his youthful enthusiasm that fills every page and makes the reader feel that he too has actually seen and heard the life of the great forests. In spite of its title the book has nothing to do with "piratical dejecta," the word "treasure" referring instead to scientific discovery. The title
chosen because the author's former a baby raccoon as well. Moreover, by
wasn't our monkey, but I am quite
"Well,
dearest, perhaps that
sure that the pig I saw going into
the sitting room is the collared
peccary you bought last week."
was sitting room and tree porcupines and
It was the collared peccary in the
book describing his experiences in
tropical Africa was called "Animal
Treasure."
More specifically Mr. Sanderson went to South America and the West Indies to collect animals for an English museum. Now, the task of the museum collector is to reduce animals to "specimens," that is, skins, skeletons or cadavers. Museums are not equipped to care for living creatures, but to exhibit mounted ones for the edification of the public and to keep series of specimens for comparative study by specialists in classification. The
anatomy and
average collector gradually develops
the point of view that every wild
animal is a potential specimen quite
uninteresting until it has fulfilled
its destiny in a museum case
Although Mr. Sanderson f primarily a collector he decidedly has not developed this museum point of
page of "Caribbean
Treasure" fairly bristles with living,
view;

every
the time Mr. Sanderson had reached
the garden Jakob was "entering the
third house down the road going
west, and the whole place looked
like a Noah's Ark." A new feeding
assistant had caused the commotion
whale of a specimen from all of its
skeleton but the enormous skull
which would not budge in spite of
repeated assaults. The head and
body measured fifty, the head alone
seventeen feet.
Contrasting with this was a small
though ordinary enough in appear-
lizard found in a Trinidad cave. Al-
ance, this reptile had its points: be-
Afterward no
fore its capture several light spots
along either side lit up "like port-
a ship."
holes of
amount of coaxing would induce it
to glow again. This luminescent rep-
tile is by all odds the most astonish-
by his novel method of unlocking the ing discovery made since fishes were
cages and then going to look for
the
previously
highest
animals
food. The resulting turmoil involved known to carry their own light. It
the whole neighborhood; passing is an odd coincidence that "Animal
Hindus, Malays, Negroes and the
Treasure's" most surprising dis-
younger generation of all races and
creeds stopped to help. The monkey
Jakob had apparently only gone
calling and willingly walked out of
that third house, took the hand of
an assistant and returned. A black
tamarin, dislodged from a tree with
great difficulty, leaped fifty feet to
the ground and made a wild cash-
back to its cage.
The largest form of life tackled
was a not-so-recently-dead sperm
whale stranded on rather inacces-
sible tidal mud flats. Days of hard
labor were required to separate that
Two Fingered Sloth
WAV. SANDERSON
a 1923 Rolls-Royce that was pur-

chased for $50 and turned out to be
about a foot wider than the native
roads. The life of the dry cactus-
grown Haitian country was very dif-
ferent from that of Trinidad and
the
mainland.
American
South
covery was also a lizard, in that case
a whistling one. It has turned out
that the whistle was made by some
other animal, apparently a bird
there is difference of opinion on that
point. Anyway, we must give the
lizard credit for having deceived
man. The natives believe that the Nevertheless, interesting inverte-
lizard whistles and Mr. Sanderson
was apparently misled by them. De-
ception by the Trinidad reptile
would seem to be out of the ques-
tion; seeing a light and tracing a
sound are different matters.
Nearly a year
brates and small vertebrates were
encountered. The only large animals
were feral pigs, dogs and horses.
"Caribbean Treasure" is the nar-
rative account of a novel scientific
honeymoon. Written for the layman.
was spent in it is in no sense a technical report.
Surinam or Dutch Guiana and more
than half of the book deals with
work in that country. Over à hun-
dred pages are devoted to experi-
ences in Trinidad forests and caves.
A trip was made through Haiti in
Every naturalist and every lover of
nature and travel will enjoy it. In
fact, I heartily recommend it to
every one who would like a refresh-
ing breath of tropical air and ani-
mation.

[PAGE BREAK]

WE ARE HERE
NEST BA
BY LEWIS
FOR A SOLID FOR FREE CA
GANNETT
Sanderson
dedicates his "Caribbean Treasure"

ALMA, to whom Ivan
(Viking, $3), sounds Hike a very good wife indeed.
When, after;
NEWSPAPER:
NEW YORK
Sanderson's crew had anchored a bit to windward of a dead whale, off THE NEW YORK HERALD
TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK,
DATE: 7 DECEMBER 1939 -
the coast of Surinam, the tide went out, and the boat tipped on a
stranded log dumping Alma off her cot into the oily black bilge, she
casual way when the menagerie'
came
up
escaped.
Sitting
And De
TRIBUNE
DECakfast
Pig in the Paramaribo Parlor
monkey passing the window looked
1989amaribo, she remarked casually that the
very much like Jakob.
Ivan replied that spider mon-
keys were common thereabout.
"Well," Alma continued, "per-
haps that wasn't our monkey, but
I am quite sure that the pig I saw
going into the sitting room is the
collared peccary you bought last
week."
It was. Two tree porcupines
and a baby raccoon had gone in the
same direction. One sloth was in
the hen house; another had mean-
dered down the street, and the
capuchin monkeys were atop the
water tank. . . . The new assistant,
employed to feed the animals, had
unlocked all the cages before he
went off in search of fodder.
Zoological Honeymoon
Alma had been taken to the
Caribbean on a zoological honey-
moon; the miraculous part of it is
that, at least as her husband tells
the story, she enjoyed it as much as
he. And that, as the happy reader
Ivan Sanderson
of "Caribbean Treasure" will discover, was a lot. The "expedition" failed
in several of its specific objects, but, Mr. Sanderson says-and proves,
in the rhythm of his narrative-they "gained many months of extreme
happiness, the worth of which is nowadays often sadly underestimated.")

The Caribbean, by Mr. Sanderson's definition, is not the West Indies, but the land once inhabited by Carib Indians. His own expedition covered Trinidad, Haiti and Surinam, which when I went to school were marked in the geography book as "Dutch Guiana." Wherever he goes a zoologist has adventures; a few zoologists, like our own William Beebe and this English Ivan Sanderson, have the art of sharing adventure in print.

In Primitive Trinidad and Jungleless Haiti

Trinidad is an island many tourists visit, but few see the jungles, barely twenty miles from the paved road, where Dr. Sanderson-and Alma-lived. That is a pot-holed limestone land of caves and in and out of the caves strange animals live-a blood-sucking little bat, which| is death to herds of cattle and, sometimes, to man; an incandescent lizard, new to science; weird subterranean crabs; a pygmy anteater whose secret-how to separate the ants from the earth of their nests-Mr. Sanderson solved; a pygmy opossum, and a beetle with something very like stop-and-go red-and-green lights. There are also pit vipers, as Mr. Sanderson discovered rather suddenly once, when he tried (almost too successfully) to slip down a 100-foot cliff by using the tropical vines, Tarzanlike, as a rope.

Haiti, like the rest of the West Indies-has, Mr. Sanderson hopelessly insists (knowing no one will believe him), no true jungles; it is rather a tropical desert country. But in Haiti, too, strange sights are to be seen, including herds of wild strawberry roan horses, whose ancestry cannot be explained on any credible grounds. So Mr. Sanderson, who has proved so many improbable things true, suggests that they may be the last remnant of the wild prehistoric horses, supposed long since extinct, whose fossil remains are a familiar story to American geologists.

"Explorers," it is well known, are bronzed and half-starved heroes who pound through the primeval world wearing topees, breeches and riding boots, Mr. Sanderson is a refreshing change. He and Alma eat well in the jungle, though the curry may go cold if an armadillo interrupts dinner. Alma and he both wear soft felt hats, using them chiefly as fans; instead of high boots they wear rubber-soled canvas sports shoes and tennis socks, and they despise shorts. They seem to do very well in such costume, despite their intimacy with man-eating fish, jaguars, scorpions, vampires and vipers; it is their keen sense of humor, and the sheer joy which takes them into the jungle_at_mid-' night, and sometimes leads them, armed with only a flashlight, to scale palms by moonlight, which give the book such zest.

Good writing, and Mr. Sanderson's delicate drawings of his finds, have something to do with it, too.

Bambi's Children

Felix Salten is an utterly different kind of animal writer. He is the author of "Bambi," that strange and gentle forest book which proved that it is possible to make animals talk without being wholly ridiculous. "Bambi's Children" (Bobbs, $2.50) is another tale of the forest family-of Bambl, the roebuck, prince of the forest, of Falina his hind, and Geno and Gurri, his children; of Perri, the squirrel; of Friend Hare and Enemy Fox, and of the mysterious human animals, times. Those who loved "Bambi" will love it, too.

so dangerous with their thunder sticks, so oddly friendly at strange

Here the fawns learn what winter is; here their mother explains to them that fireflies are naughty, fallen stars. I do not know whether Felix Salten had children or grown-ups most in mind when he wrote "Bambi"; it has passed on from its first adult welcome to become a children's classic. "Bambi's Children" appears to be more directly pointed at a young audience, but Mr. Salten, now an exile from the fir and birch woods of his beloved Austria, sometimes hints in it at a satire which would escape younger readers.

The screech owl says that things are never as bad as they seem; Gurri meditates on Bambi's wise counsel that love and hatred have little to do with freedom; there is a middle course.

My favorite talking animals are still Walt Disney's.

THURSDAY

[PAGE BREAK]

Ivan T. Sanderson

Suther

FAMOUS pundit, for whom Ivan Sander-

A

son has a tremendous admiration, once said in effect that "little histories about bats and frogs and rats could apparently be whisked back and forth across the Atlantic from equatorial Africa to equatorial America, or vice versa, without altering anything more than the author's word for the locale." And he was right, says Sanderson. However: "In defence of my little host... I should... like to say that it is just this remarkable similarity that makes their lives so fascinating... the manner in which they are woven into the essential unity of natural life."

Ivan Terrance Sanderson was born a little over thirty years ago in Edinburgh, a cold grey damp place that made him crave the sunlight, he says, "from pure cussedness." His father was for some time chief shikari for Martin Johnson and was killed in 1924 by a rhino in East Africa. (Strangely enough, Johnson's account of this episode in Safari ends with the statement that "Saunderson" [sic] died "of pneumonia.")

At school the word "tropics" began to appear on the horizon. He was busy with animals, and he aggressively ignored the orthodox: at eleven he could neither read nor write. But at seventeen he finished Eton, and "bolted from Europe, like a shot rabbit. . . with traps, butterfly nets, skinning implements, and all the other recognized stock-in-trade of the collector." He crossed East Indies waters to romantic Macassar, "fully convinced that the work of the great Alfred Russel Wallace was about to be completed at

last." But back home once again, his painstaking pile looked like nothing more than a repetition of some of the great Wallace's "looser moments.

Scientific methods of collecting, Sanderson began to see, were out of date: the how and why of animal behaviour should be studied in the beast's native environment. He picked out a place with the worst climate and worst medical reputation in the world (therefore likely neglected) and almost immediately learned that a famous scientist wanted the internal organs of some animals found only in that very region. Another authority lacked good evidence of the whale in the rivers of that same country, and Cambridge put in a bid for the exotic giant water shrew from the same place. The Percy Sladen Expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa, was all but on the high sea! The story of this fruitful trip is told vivaciously in Animal Treasure.

For professional companions Sanderson rejects athletes, sportsmen, and anyone "large, beefy, or tough." From the "worms" that are left-those at ease in smoky bars, airless cabarets, and crowded subway trains-he makes the final choice.

Sanderson was married late in 1936 and with his wife sailed just before Christmas for Trinidad. Several months later they went on to Haiti, and at the end of 1937 left for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. In 1939 came the much

IVAN T. SANDERSON

praised Caribbean Treasure, in a vein quite like that of the earlier book. And his very recent Living Treasure represents no falling off in Sandersonian excellence.

He is tall and thin, with a lean, drawn face, and spare mustache. Not only is he his own illustrator (and decorator of some of London's smartest night clubs) but an accomplished stage dancer and a master of seven or eight strange African instruments. Two facts Sanderson would like to get across clearly: "... we take our work very seriously... but we do not take ourselves at all seriously.

B. ALSTERLUND

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

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NLESTIV LESTRAR

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NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK HERALD
TRIBUNE
LOCATION:
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 11 APRIL 1941 -
FRIDAY
OURS AND
By
LEWIS
THINGS
GANNETT
"HEIGHT, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 105 pounds; hair, brown; eyes,
brown; pose straight; mouth, large; distinguishing marks, none;
thirty-seruptious'that is the way Shelby Shackelford,
age,
is also, which explains
who went to BrAPR
electric eel.
ith
this book, the wife of a six-foot-three physicist
9 bit to try to solve the mystery of the
Artist in Brazil
"Artist" is the key word. Miss Shackelford (Mrs. Richard T. Cox)
came home with some entertaining scratchboard drawings of people and
churches and trees at the mouth of the Amazon; she even drew graphs
of the electric waves transmitted by
the singular fish her husband was
studying,
motifs
and made decorative
of them; but she writes even better
than she draws, and she writes as an
artist. To her the Amazon isn't just
"muddy"; it brings to the Atlantic a
portion of the South American soil,
and strong dyes washed from the
plants along its shores, so that "the
red of brazil-wood, the black medi-
cinal waters of the Negro, the white
earth of the Branco" are mixed by
the rushing river to make the dull
hue of the discolored ocean. The
famous mud-color becomes a picture
of all the lands upstream.
Four-Hundred-Volt Eels
The reader may, or may not,
understand more about the electric
eel when he finishes the book; he
will have absorbed something of
feeling of north Brazil. A big eel
may discharge a current of 400 volts,

quite enough to knock a man out or
the
to paralyze any smaller fish it wants
to
eat. All its ordinary organs are
Shelby Shackelford
concentrated in the first fifth of its thick body, the last four-fifths-it may be more than three feet long-are devoted to its generating plant. It transmits electricity through its spinal cord; and a bright New York University physicist, while he cannot exactly talk eel language, may learn to simulate the eely pattern of electric current sufficiently accurately to bring all the eels in the neighborhood in to investigate. And still, how the eel does it remains one of those mysteries of bio-physics.

A Declining Tropical Eden

So, for that matter, does Brazil. Para was once a rubber capital; now it is a sleepy capital for the unsettled empire of the Amazon. A boy comes into the hotel dining room selling boa constrictors at meal time. A Texan makes a living producing the timbo root which Indians use to paralyze fish and a New Jersey company uses to make "Flit"; but in that sunny tropical land this exploiter of tropical wealth wangled a minimum-wage law which successfully keeps his profits down. The Attorney General of the State of Para is an ardent butterfly collector and artist. So is the padre; indeed, they say that the padre sometimes interrupts a sermon to catch a butterfly that strays into his church. Miss Shackelford doesn't quite believe that, but she offers a picture of the padre catching butterflies| in heaven to prove the possibility. They have politicians in Para, of course; but to Miss Shackelford they seemed like the gold standard, "a purely artificial assumption of usefulness." Everybody kowtows to them; | nobody takes them seriously.

It was a land of monkeys that climbed down to watch the lady draw, of fantastic parrots; of butterflies like incandescent gases; and also of electric eels, man-eating fish, and crocodiles. "Electric Eel Calling" tells a little of the research, more about the people, somewhat of the beauty, with an unpretentious understanding that gives the book an appealing freshness.

They Loved It

Ivan Sanderson's "Living Treasure" (Viking, $3.50) is a kind of post-script to his Caribbean Treasure"-more biological adventures, this time in Jamaica, British Honduras and Yucatan, Mr. Sanderson, to be sure, objects to that word "adventures." His book, he insists, is neither travelogue, scientific report nor history of an "expedition." He and his wife pursue their trade as zoologists and animal collectors; they take their work very seriously, and themselves not at all seriously. It is an art. Among the animals they report collecting is a minute tick which lives on the ears of bats; they found it accidentally in Jamaica, and by search elsewhere astonishing the scientists back in London; they found the noxious mosquito oddly named "Anopheles darlingi" far north of its recorded range; they also played with billums, gaudy little fish which quickly remove the ticks from swimmers' legs but tickle as they do so; a tree-climbing turtle; a three-and-a-half-inch pygmy opossum; somewhat too| many crocodiles, and some very odd mice and rats. They were puzzled by a noise confusingly like the self-starter of an automobile, which they! finally traced to a little tree toad, a cousin to our "spring peeper"; and

once, following an underground water course in Yucatan, they came out in a village well, alarming the natives, who did not expect to find white gods in their water supply. They had, of course, a properly alarming| experience with that dangerous snake, the fer de lance; and they lost a bet on skinning a rabbit. Tropical rabbits are hard skinning, particularly when pregnant; and the Yucatan villagers put one over on Mr. Sanderson there. He had agreed to pay triple if he couldn't skin any| rabbit in a half hour flat.

Whatever the Sandersons did, they enjoyed; and Mr. Sanderson's narrative conveys that sense of enjoyment to the reader. He even enjoyed it when his assistant returned from Haiti with the skin and bones of one of the wild horses of the pine barrens, which he had fondly hoped would| be three-toed relics of a prehistoric race. They weren't.

Adventure Hunter

A very different kind of tropical travel narrative Is Nicol Smith's "Bush Master: Into the Jungles of Dutch Guiana" (Bobbs, $3.50). Mr. Smith went looking for Adventure with a capital A, and he found it-complete with three-fingered Indians, witch doctors and a "death kiss," snakes that crawl into your hammock to keep warm, sinister vampires, a dusky-skinned "Orchid Princess," and a mysterious German, who was a former secret agent of Abd-el-Krim in Morocco and an associate of "Von Ungern," the Mad Baron of Mongolia, and was perhaps seeking radium mines in Guiana and perhaps organizing the escaped convicts from Devil's Island to organize a continent. Mr. Smith could hardly have done better had his name been Richard Halliburton.

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Elephants, an Extraordinarily Tick

THE

DYNASTY

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Natural

By Lewis Gannett

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A History with elephants ever since. Also with his subject Never, he says,

History of the Elephants with loxodonts, and indeed with has he enjoyed preparing to write

and Their Relatives, Past and Present. the whole tribe of Abu. Mr. a book more, or enjoyed writing

By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated. Sanderson, who grew up to become

there was so much that

376 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. a zoologist, strong opinions he had to compress even

[AD] $5.95.

about words, An elephant (prefer- That elephants one should say
ably spelled olofont) is what you "Abu"-are strong (though not in
and I would call an Indian proportion to their immense size),
elephant; what we ignorantly call intelligent (their brains are larger
SANDERSON'S first exper- "African elephants" are loxodonts, than man's though again not
an elephant oc-
different
proportionally), most of us know.
tender age, and in a zoo. A child-
curred when he was at a very species. Both, together with the Mr. Sanderson tells us more: of
extinct mastodons and mammoths their affection and playfulness
less female elephant took a liking and assorted other monsters, (their delight in kicking goals at !
to him and sought to adopt him, belong to what the early Egyptians soccer is something to see), of
tucking him firmly between her called "Abu"-a "dynasty," in their prayerfulness (SIC), of their
forelegs and her trunk. His shrieks Mr. Sanderson's vocabulary, for all extraordinary ticklishness, of
their
of them are "glorious, royal, breeding and eating habits. An
had no effect on the happy mother dignified," even imperial." Mr.adult elephant eats about 800
-until Mr. Sanderson's nurse, a Sanderson has watched elephants pounds of fodder a night, which
stout British type, stepped for- and loxodonts on their native makes a food bill of some $4500
ward, clouted the behemoth of heaths, handled them in zoos and
the trunk with her umbrella, and
a year; zoos found it hard to raise
ordered firmly, "Give me that!"
on stages, owned, one for a time, baby Abu until a Johannesburg
and he has read about them with zoo-keeper analyzed Ab milk and
Ivan, and a fresh and imaginative mind. developed a baby-feeding formula
apparently he has been in love His book reflects his fascination consisting of one gallon of raw
cow's milk, half a pint of heavy
cream, the whites of twenty-four
hen's eggs and four pounds of
overboiled rice.
and those of assorted onlookers
"That"
was
little

NEWSPAPER:
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NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK
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14
BOOK DIGEST REVIEW 1963 ANNUAL

Mr. Sanderson goes deeply into
the history of the Abu, in historic
and prehistoric times, and comes
up with original views which may
was

or may not be accepted by other experts. He is not at all astonished that Hannibal crossed the Alps with a herd of loxodonts; Abu of all kinds work well in snow, he says, but it is amazing that any horses made the trip. Nor were the Romans surprised by the big animals, as some historians have suggested; nor
Alexander
astonished to meet elephants in Indía, as other books have said. Aristotle, who was Alexander's teacher, obviously already knew a lot about the big beasts, and. in Roman days loxodonts still lived in the wild state north of ? the Sahara;-perhaps not only in ¡Morocco, but in Cleopatra's Egypt, as Mr. Sanderson suggests with t passion as well as with learning. He is most exciting and most l 1 original in what he calls the "fossil detective story" of the l mammoths and the mastodons. We have all read of those mam- i moths found deep-frozen in the y muck of northern Siberian river- > banks, and perhaps have idly 1 speculated on the mystery of their sudden death. Mr. Sanderson e notes further that some of them t had fresh buttercup flowers in 1 their mouths when they died. Siberia's climate must have been different when thousands of mam- r moths roamed its fields, each e eating half a ton of hay (including buttercups) daily. A very sudden, mysterious death indeed! Sanderson suggests a "cataclysm"; perhaps the earth's crust slipped. Mr. 1 He almost makes you believe it. - In any case, he makes you under- stand his own intense interest in d the biggest land animals on earth, e the only wild creatures larger d than man which, if the face of man's relentless onslaught, have s not succumbed but are actually

1, Increasing.
Comment: Often an original, fascinating "fossi detective story."
n
Reviewer:
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18
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n
beasts.
Lewis Gannett
shares the author's fascination with the great
HERALD

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NLLSIIV VSELLISEN
the Ways They Find to Liv
MAMMALS OF THE WORLD.
By François Bourlière. 223 pp.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
[AD] $12.50.
LIVING MAMMALS
OF THE WORLD.
By Ivan T. Sanderson. 303 pp.
New York: Hanover House. $9.95.
A
DE Reviewed 1955
HAROLD E. ANTHONY
HOST of books on birds, mammals, insects, reptiles and plants have appeared in the last several years. Not a few of these have been on mammals, either as guides to the mammals of a continent or intended to cover the mammals of the entire world. These two volumes, therefore, find plenty of company in a field fairly well covered.
Mr. Bourlière's text is organized to treat the great concourse of world mammals under six major headings, these being the principal environmental categories of tropical forest, savannah and desert, temperate forest and prairie, the great North, the mountains and the waters. The treatment is along ecological lines since the data show how each animal is adapted

to its surroundings and how it exists as a unit in a particular habitat.

This book is richly illustrated and one may well imagine that the pictorial part was the core around which the text was prepared. The choice of subjects is good and represents fairly the wide range of evolution among mammals and the clever methods whereby nature permits animals to win a livelihood within the real hazards of a seemingly adverse environment. Mr. Bourlière prepares the reader for a fuller understanding of the underlying factors which are responsible for the evolution and dispersal of mammals throughout the world by a chapter on "What Is a Mammal," which will reveal to many that a mammal is not the standardized, warm-blooded animal it is generally thought to be, but on the contrary is a variable entity that finds expression in a great diversity of exteriors and ways of life. The present distribution of mammal life has been directed by geological events at various periods in a dim and misty past.

The reader may well be surprised at noting how mammalian life has flowed out into every possible environment which is capable of supplying the biological need of a mammal. If there are physical obstacles in the way of reaching such a living the mammal has evolved specialist fitted to the exceptional circumstances. The terrestrial quadruped may become an underground digger, a dweller in the tree tops, a tireless swimmer, or he may even take to the air. Perhaps the pressure of mammalian populations has driven the adventurous individuals on the fringe of subsistence to strike out for pastures new.

In reviewing a book with so many attractive features I hesitate

to call attention to items which might escape the attention of the average reader but which are rather too important for a museum man to ignore. Wolves are stated to occur in northern New York in small numbers, but the last wolf native to New York was killed before the close of the last century. The wolves, so-called, in New York are feral dogs, introduced coyotes, or hybrids of the two. In several passages the armadillos are described as terrestrial vegetarians, but the character of their dentition and the published reports on stomach contents indicate a predominantly insectivorous diet.

Ivan Sanderson's lavishly illustrated volume is based upon a selection of the most outstanding photographs of mammals available to a publisher today. It covers the broad field adequately, introduces species seldom seen, and includes. black and white and color. Some mammals are found under circumstances which make them continuously available for the photographer. These species appear so often that the public is well acquainted with them. Other mammals are rare, or they live underground, in the waters, or are active at night, and a photograph of any sort is an achievement. Most of the pictures in this book are of mammals at rest; many of them are of captive animals. They are to be viewed as portraits, and their most immediate value is for identification purposes.

The author has provided a well planned text which has not only a present interest for the reader, but a continuing reference value for future use.

Mr. Sanderson has a good background for writing such a book because he has lived with animals in the field, kept them as pets at home, and has a journalistic flair

for popularizing natural history.
He can be expected to turn up
some hitherto overlooked fact or
to introduce a humorous touch in
a routine enumeration of vita'
statistics.
Harold E. Anthony is chairman,
Department of Mammals, at
from some unspecialized, generally Museum of Natural History,
competent ancestor to become a York City.
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BOOKS AND THINGS
=By ISABEL PATERSON
ALMOST everybody likes to read about animals, and here are two first class animal books coming out on the same day, neither of which should be missed. There mightn't be another of equal merit for a month of Sundays
They are "Animal Treasure," by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking, $3), and "Wild Animal World," by Raymond Ditmars and William Bridges (Appleton-Century, $3). Both are crammed with finally authentic and amusing first-hand information about beasts and birds and snakes, in their remote haunts and in captivity.
Palm Trees and Tropic Sunlight 1937
Mr. Sanderson first discovered his craving for fantasti■ scenes and creatures during his childhood in Edinburgh. Some one gave him a book "with pictures of palm trees and people sleeping in then." Edinburgh wasn't like that. The tropics-the name fixed itself in his mind. He would go there when he grew up. In school he compiled lists of the antelopes of Africa, which gained him no marks in examinations.
When he grew up, by great good fortune, he got to Macassar, and spent months "collecting" according to time-honored methods. He acquired numerous stuffed specimens, and suddenly realized that there were tons of stuffed specimens of the same species already deposited in European museums. "Advanced students of zoology were now beginning to ask not only how nature works on the lines it, does, but why." So he decided to make a field expedition for that purpose with that question in mind.
He found that most of the pleasanter places were pre-empted. His one chance of raising funds was to pick some spot no one elso wanted to go.
So he collected scientists and
West Africa was his chosen locale.
institutions first, getting orders here and there for rare creatures from West Africa, A giant water shrew, a river whale, some insect called a poogona were among the objects required to be either brought back or

noted.

Ogled by Land Crabs

After Mr. Sanderson gets through telling you about West Africa. you're not surprised at its unpopularity with visiting naturalists. There are so many different kinds of pests one would be at a loss to name the worst. Land crabs are Mr. Sanderson's outstanding antipathies. He was quite used to sea crabs, and didn't know he would take such a dislike to the land species; but maybe it was just being used to the other kind that upset him. Sea creatures have no business on shore, and it seems peculiarly unnecessary for them to climb trees. "They ogle at you wherever you go," Mr. Sanderson remarks; and the phrase has a nervous shudder in it. They are scavengers-in short, they are not attractive in any way. As oglers, they are distinctly unsuccessful.

West African frogs seem to be harmless, but there are fifty different kinds. It is really too many. Even if one liked frogs it would be too many. West Africa is so the happy home of termites, which are not ants, but what's the difference when they act like it? Scaly ant-eaters do well in that region. They need to be scaly, practically armor-plated.

Hunting the Wild Teddy-Bear

One of Mr. Sanderson's numerous queer adventures was pursuing a polto, a species of sloth which looks like a teddy-bear, from branch to branch in the jungle at night, with the aid of an electric torch. In the wild pursuit, far above ground, he got among a troop of sleeping monkeys, putty-nosed guenons. Waked by the light, they were quite helpless and terrified. Mr. Sanderson would have studied them, but his special branch gave away, and he was only saved by a creeper that held him suspended upside down till he could get another hand hold and lower himself safely.

The creatures observed range from gorillas to sea-cows. Of most, it, 15 safe to say one would rather see than be one, and much rather read of the country they inhabit than live in it.

The Ring-Tailed Cobra

Dr. Ditmars and Mr. Bridges range all over their world in the confines of their book, which is subtitled, "Behind the Scenes at the Zoo." There is one chapter which may be helpful for aspiring zoologists. It tells of creatures still wanted for zoos. If you happen to have a live okap■, bongo, panda, or solenodon, you can easily dispose of it. The Duke of Bedford paid $5,000 for a pair of Prjevalsky's wild horses from the deserts of central Asia in 1900. The pair of pigmy hippopotami acquired in 1912 cost $25,000.

One man offered a spare cobra to Dr. Ditmars, who said he didn't want it: he had lots. The man persisted; he said his was really an exceptional cobra. It was greenish in color, Dr. Ditmars said lots of cobras are greenish. But my cobra, the man insisted, has rings all the way down his tail. Dr. Ditmars sat up and took notice. The ring-tailed cobra Was a new one on him, He investigated and found it was a water cobra, the first living specimen in captivity. He was simply delighted to meet it.

Plenty of Pythons

An American rubber planter from Sumatra also brought in fourteen blood pythons. Very rare, Dr. Ditmars exclaimed. Pooh, said the rubber man, his plantation was just crawling with them. You're welcome. Probably there are no more large animals unknown to science but even a missing lizard causes excitement when it is brought in. However,

one explorer firmly believes that there is an anthropoid ape yet to be discovered and captured in the Matto Grosso, South America. And he's, looking for it, as the quest of his life.
animals.
The Weasels Guessed Right
Dr. Ditmars gives a list of fallacies and baseless superstitions about
He doesn't even belleve that an elephant never forgets.
But as a mere lay reader, we wish to file an objection to his remarks on the weasel. Dr. Ditmars says: "Protective coloration used to be the commonest answer as to the question why weasels changed color.. But if that is the only answer, why don't weasels in southern New York State change color in winter like their brothers in the northern part of the state?" Now, in the first place, Dr. Ditmars is there to answer questions, not to ask them. And in the second place, is the weasel the creature which can't make a mistake once in a while? Besides, there was no snow worth mentioning last winter, so the weasels were right.
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The creatures are bat, trap-door spider, prairie dog, badger, mole, earthworm, chipmunk, king-fisher, cicada, woodchuck, gopher, bank swallow, ant, skunk, muskrat, mole, cricket. A fascinating lot!
And a treatment which is a good step up from the Burgess stories toward real nature study. The book is 7 by 9 inches, and cloth bound.
JOHN AND JUAN IN THE JUNGLE. By Ivan T. Sanderson, Illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias. 64 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. [AD] $3.
HEN the zoologist Sanderson and the artist Covarrubias collaborate, it is news, and their colorful book almost lives up to expectations. We are told that it began with the author seeing the artist's series of paintings of birds, mammals, reptiles and insects of South America, and wishing to write a book to give them a setting. I chosen, and
Twenty-five were
Covarrubias did one of his familiar, brilliant plature maps for end papers, and an elegant jungle-y jacket, repeated on the board bind-

ing. The art work is well reproduced, especially the glowing wings of the butterflies.
The story, being manufactured to fit, is no classic. But it does give one a vivid feeling of the two boys, one American, one native, hunting strange creatures in several countries-Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Venezuela. It describes the animals very capably. With full-color pictures, it makes an unusual nature book, also an animal adventure story for boys of about ten to fourteen.
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT ATISTIN

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NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK
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NEW YORK, NEW YORK
LOCATION:
DATE: 9 AUGUST 1953
Gun, Camera
HORN OF THE HUNTER.
By Robert C. Ruark. 315 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company.
[AD] $5.95. AUG 9-1953
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Reviewed by
IVAN SANDERSON
[R. RUARK is an experienced journalist. He has a genius which, we suspect, he deliberately employs for the purpose of aggravating people. He manages to get his points over to his readers without ever stating precisely what they are and by serving them up in a state of the utmost confusion. The first three or four chapters of his book, "Horn of the Hunter," which relates his experiences of a brief and rather expensively self-financed safari to Tanganyika,

follows this technique so faithfully
that it was exasperating in the
extreme. At no time throughout
the first part is it possible to dis-
cover exactly where we, the au-
thor, or anybody else is supposed
to be in Africa, while the position
is further complicated by long,
though often admittedly fascinat-
ing cutbacks to Mr. and Mrs. Ru-
ark's earlier life
activities, or to hair-raising, little
vignettes of that war before the
current Korean affair.
and unrelated
Then something happened. Rob-
ert Ruark drops his "spots" alto-
gether, and sets out to give us a
straightforward account of an
over-confident and perhaps some-
times even a rather bombastic
character falling under the spell
of something much bigger than
himself, being stunned by this dis-
covery, but meeting it frontally,
and finally submitting to it with
a humility and charm that end up
by adding very greatly to his own
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

[PAGE BREAK]

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK,
NEW YORK
DATE: 26 NOVEMBER 1961
A Humanistic M
COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN
THE WORLD
OF
ANIMALS: A
Treasury of Lore, Legend and Litera-
ture by Great Naturalists from the
Fifth Century B. C. to the Present.
Compiled by Joseph Wood Krutch.
Illustrated. 508 pp. New York: Simon
and Schuster. $8.95 until December
24; $10 thereafter.
By Ivan T. Sanderson
MR. KRUTCH'S new book-
his thirtieth and his eighth

anthology-is a return to one of his earliest preferences; the world of animals. In it he has gathered together 120 passages from an equally wide variety of sources that he feels from a lifetime of reading best express his philosophy regarding the place of man in nature. The editor is basically a philosopher and his introduction to this work states his attitude to man's religious, ethical, moral, and scientific approach to other animals and wildlife generally. The result of his culling is really a form of modern bestiary, sliding gracefully as it does in each of its eight sections from primitive misinterpretation to the most modern observation but throughout with a rather cold eye on man's performance. The key to this work is clearly stated in the introduction. It is a history of man's opinion of his own position in nature from pre-monotheistic times to the present.

The whole theme is humanistic. showing just a little how primitive man regarded other life-forms as equals fit often for elevation to divinity; then, how all but Man himself were debased to the status of soulless machines; and finally, how now once again they have come to be almost universally regarded as coeval if not coequal creations of the Almighty; and all this in the estimation of Man. As a secondary theme there is a lucid statement of the evolution of man's attitude to other animals from the strictly humane point of view. Cruelty to animals was, as Mr. Krutch emphasizes, not a sin or even a crime until the 19th Century.

As to the selections themselves we would have liked most of them to have been longer but the book Is already 500 pages. Among them,

all naturalists and most others

will find many old friends but there are many that have not appeared in animal athologies, often, if ever. But then, who among the real greats has not at some point written about animals? To this reviewer the very name of Pling the Elder in a table of contents predisposes to acceptance of all the rest; and, in this case, all the more so since his two favorite been
passages on elephants and dolphins-happen to have
selected. All the selections, however, are both a delight and enlightening.
We also like the illustrations and compliment their selector. The book itself is well-made and attractive. I am not so sure that an index might not have been a good idea, despite the author's clear and reasonable statement that the book is not a reference work. There is so much good in the text that there will surely be many who will at a later date want to go back to "that passage about cats," or some such. In fact, I can imagine this book becoming a standard reference at that most grim of all frustrations-a titling conference, for movies and the like.
Tl book should fill a niche in almost any library, especially in schools. It is worthwhile, charming, and moral.
Ivan T. Sanderson is author of "The Continent We Live On" and "Abominable Snowmen."

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN
MALS IN TOWN
Sometimes the Asphalt Jungle really is a jungle
BY IVAN SANDERSON
AUG 8-1965
n a bright sunny morning in late May, we rolled into Penn-

sylvania Avenue from 16th Street, in Washington, D. C., some years ago to see a crowd gathered around the old Treasury Building. Asking a policeman what the trouble was, we received the laconic reply, "Dunno, but I've got to keep the traffic moving." We parked and ran across the road to join the throng.

This building is surrounded by a kind of moat rumored, although never confirmed, to have been constructed to keep out avaricious persons. Apparently, there was once a widespread notion that our "money" was kept there. The moat, both fairly deep and wide, runs right around the building. It is not, and never has been, water-filled.

As we pushed our way through the crowd, we perceived a number of official-looking hats rushing round and round this large gutter. We presented our credentials and were allowed onto a ramp leading over the moat to an entrance where we asked a uniformed guard what was happening.

"They got a fox down there," the guard stated rather flatly.

Evasive action

And so they did by Jove-a very scared little gray fox, which was whistling around the concrete gutter, leaping at its walls and taking the most splendid evasive action as troops of human stalwarts converged upon it from both directions. It won every time.

Although we were on a story at the time, we also happened to be in the animal business and had the necessary equipment for fox-catching in our car. To spoil the story, however, before we were permitted to go into action, a uniformed man -from the ASPCA, I believe netted the poor beast, and the fun was over. We went on our way, but we got to thinking.

About a week before, two bizarre incidents had been reported in New York. One concerned à famous de-

partment store, Bergdorf Goodman on Fifth Avenue.

A model wandered out of the Fur Department's stock room where millions of dollars' worth of fur coats are hung and announced blandly that there was "an awful funny looking pussycat in there." Nobody paid much attention since domestic cats are kept in many large stores to keep an eye on mouse encroachment - until a most peculiar odor was detected. It was awfully skunk-like and this sort of thing does not go at all in a chi-chi furriers, so investigations were made. And guess what?

The case of the civet

A medium-sized, prettily-marked creature exading a most pungent affluvium, with foxy face and a long bushy tail was detected cowering in a corner. "Experts" were called: it was an African civet!

The other incident was equaHy baffling and really rather alarming. Three small boys were walking to school along Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. There are grass strips on either side of the multi-lane pavement, then sidewalks, and finally grass banks outside, dipping steeply to large ditches. The kids were scuffing along on an outer grass verge when one of them detected an enormous brown, hairy "behind" in the ditch.

There lay an Alaskan brown bear, fortunately quite stone-cold dead. When it is fully grown, this is the largest land-living carnivorous animal on earth, making our ordinary little black bears look like puppy dogs.

This is all very jolly but where did these animals come from? There was absolutely no explanation or even suggestion as to how the bear had gotten where it was found. People just don't own Alaskan brown bears, and they are very valuable to zoos so that if one escaped there would be a hue and cry on several counts. Although

airports are nearby, you don't shove
a bear out of a plane (TO PAGE 8)
NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 8 AUGUST 1965 - SUNDAY
NOTE: PAGE 8 IS MISSING AMONG THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE FILE OF
IVAN
SANDERSON

[PAGE BREAK]

LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 16 DECEMBER 1955 - FRIDAY
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
BOOK REVIEW
DEC16 1955
LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. B Ivanj
T. Sanderson Hanover House. 303 pages, 330
photographs, 190 in color. $9.95.
MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. By François
Bourlière. Knopf. 223 pages, 122 photographs,
twenty-three in color, eighteen drawings.
[AD] $12.50.
7HEN I was a small boy the great event of
W the year was the Christmas visit to Philo
delphia, and it was great not because I adored
my Philadelphia relatives (though I did), but
because Philadelphia had a big zoo within small-
boy walking distance of my grandmother's house.
Small Boys and Animals
Perhaps it was because of that zoo that I so
cherished a book called "Living Animals of the
World," which Dodd, Mead & Co. published in
1902 in twenty-four sections of thirty-two pages
each, each with a colored frontispiece, and every
page illustrated by photographs "direct from
life," at ten cents e section.
By LEWIS GANNETT
Young Ibex-photographed by Charles
Vaucher from Living Mammals of the
World."
I have those ragged sections still, the pages
pulled apart by loving study. The pictures, after
fifty years' progress in photography, still seem
amazingly good, though most of them were ob-
viously taken in zoos; the text, not at all written
down for children, still reads well. And it may
be that there are eleven-year-olds in 1955 who
will be as excited by the pictures and the text
in the two handsome books on mammals ap- And that a blue whale swims with a forward
pearing this season, as I was by "Living Ani-drive incomprehensible to engineers; a female
of the species, with a harpoon in its back and

mals" long ago.
Small boys or big boys, or girls, are more half a mile of four-inch rope hitched to a twin-
likely to be excited by the photographs of wild screw, steel-hulled, ninety-foot ship with engines
animals, especially from Africa, which the set at full speed astern, once pulled the ship
French zoologist, François Bourlière, has as-against its engines for eight and a half hours,
sembled, than by the excellent pictures, mostly at an average speed of five and a half knots.
taken in captivity, which illustrate Mr. Sander-Armadillos also have their own kind of power.
son's book. On the other hand, Mr. Sanderson's Mr. Sanderson tells of a pair of these scaly beasts
text is far livelier. Mr. Sanderson made his fame which dug their way out of a concrete pit over-
as a writer before he became known as an ani- night, lifting slabs a foot thick, four feet long
mal collector. He is a sound scientist, but he also and as much as three feet wide. Armadillos have
has an entrancingly wayward bump of curiosity about the strongest toenails known, and also
and a knack for writing.
carry an equipment of almost a hundred teeth
each.
Green Sloths
Of Whale and Armadillo Power
You may learn from Mr. Sanderson, for in-
stance, that a mole eats twice its weight a day, Mr. Bourli■re is primarily concerned with
and may collapse of starvation if it goes without ecology and animal associations. He tells, for
food for twelve hours. You may also learn that instance, why certain species of sloth look green.
the largest whale on record, à blue, weighed as Their hair is really gray, he says, but sloths
much as thirty-five elephants or 2,380 good- don't wash, and in their fur lives a rich flora
sized human beings, or, for that matter, as of algae and a rich fauna of mites, beetles and
136,000,000 pigmy shrews, which are the small-moths, whose larvae feed on the algae. For the
most part, however, M. Bourlière writes like an
est known living mammals.
He will tell you that Melville's Moby Dick," old-fashioned schoolmaster; the peculiar dis-
though a work of magnificent imagination, is tinction of his book, printed in Paris, is its
also one of "almost total zoological inaccuracy."| magnificent photographs.
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COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN
BOOK REVIEW
FFR 21 1956
By LEWIS GANNETT
FOLLOW THE WHALE. By Ivan T/Sanderson thor of that "wonderful book," "Of Whales and
Little, Brown. 423 pages. $6.
Whaling," reviewed in this column on April 26,
R. IVAN SANDERSON, who first won fame 1954.
MR
The Six Great Names
by bringing small animals back alive and
writing about them with intimacy and charm, There are, for Mr. Sanderson, six and only
has now turned his attention to the race of six "really important" names in the history of
whales. If he has not brought many whales back whaling, and neither Jonah nor Herman Mel-
alive, he has at least made whales live in his ville appears on his list. His six are Tiglath-
pages. Moreover, in the course of his pursuit of Pileser, King of Assyria; François Sopite, the
whale lore, he has also found occasion to hurl Basque; Capt. Christopher Hussey, of Nantucket;

heavy barbed harpoons into many conventional notions of geography, history and prehistory, and, of course, cetology, or the science of whales.

10,000 Years of Whaling

The Nantucket whalers, as Mr. Sanderson never tires of pointing out, came late, and, in the long history of whaling, were relatively unimportant.

Anyway, they learned what they knew from the Indians, who may have learned what they knew from the Siberians, or even the pre-Japanese inhabitants of Japan.

about whales, and so did Aristotle and Pliny, both of whom were right about some curious details which most naturalists of the last few centuries have stoutly disbelieved. If you look at maps as Mr. Sanderson does-and he draws some nice ones for you-you will understand why it was so much more natural for the Norsemen (not "Vikings") to sail to Greenland than to Constantinople, though they did both, and why it was equally natural for the Basques to go whale hunting off Newfoundland long before Columbus was supposed to have discovered a new world. His maps also help you understand the proto-Japanese.

Whalers for Mars

Whales have been around for twenty million years or so,

Neglected records help almost as much as maps. "Almost everybody from Finmark to Gibraltar was engaged in whaling about 875| A. D., according to Mr. Sanderson, which somewhat alters the conventional picture of the so-called' Dark Ages. Probably the proto-Japanese and also the Amerinds were also whaling about that time, and naturally whalers made discov-

Norge (not Norway, you will note), and Capt. Carl Anton Larsen, of that same country. If you want to know why these six rank so high, you must read Mr. Sanderson's book.

The Phoenicians and the Assyrians knew a lot about whales, and so did Aristotle and Pliny, both of whom were right about some curious details which most naturalists of the last few centuries have stoutly disbelieved. If you look at maps as Mr. Sanderson does-and he draws some nice ones for you-you will understand why it was so much more natural for the Norsemen (not "Vikings") to sail to Greenland than to Constantinople, though they did both, and why it was equally natural for the Basques to go whale hunting off Newfoundland long before Columbus was supposed to have discovered a new world. His maps also help you understand the proto-Japanese.

Whalers for Mars

Whales have been around for twenty million years or so, and may be descendants of a land animal surprisingly like present-day armadillos. Whaling, or whale murder by the genus homo, is what alters the conventional picture of the so-called' Dark Ages. Probably the proto-Japanese and also the Amerinds were also whaling about that time, and naturally whalers made discov-

has been going on for at least ten thousand eries of which they preferred not to share the years, as is proved by whalebone artifacts found secret. Mr. Sanderson profoundly admires in the "kitchen middens" of Stone Age man, whalers, ancient and modern. "The best man to and by prehistoric rock pictures in the fjords guide the first rocket-ship to the moon or Mars," of what we call Norway.
he opines, "would probably be a young whale-
Ivan T. Sanderson
Mr. Sanderson, a man of positive convictions, chaser captain"-from "Norge."
dislikes that word "Norway," also the misused I won't go into detail on Mr. Sanderson's cir-1
word "Viking." He also disapproves of several cumstantial reports of whale voices and whale
gentlemen who crop up in his narrative, such mating, or even on the unique asymmetry of
as "the revoltingly successful general Caius that extraordinarily able animal, the sperm
Julius Caesar," and of most, but not all, previ- whale. But I would like to record my conviction
ous writers (or legend spinners) about whales. that Mr Sanderson had a wonderful good time,
He makes an exception of R. B. Robertson, au- writing his book, as I did reading it.
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 FEBRUARY 1956 - TUESDAY

[PAGE BREAK]

LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 SEPTEMBER 1952 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 10
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
REVIEWED BY L. S. BECHTEL
Mammals."
Now he writes of one creature, and
one also written of by the Georges.
Why they all wanted to tell about
this most cruel, queer little wild
animal, now most famous for the
uses of its fur, is a bit puzzling.
However, the book is very well
written, giving an amazing amount
of information in an easily flow-
ing report of one year in a mink's
life. The small type makes it
more suitable for the teen-age
and adults.
Most of us have more sympathy
with those noble, huge creatures
of the West, of whom Mr. Mont-
gomery writes. He tells of an elk's
friendship with an old horse and
their escape together from a trap-
per. It is hardly believable, but
By Gardell Dano Christensen
From "Wapiti, the Elk"
boys and girls will like it. Of
course it ends with a thrilling
fight in which Wapiti kills the old
bull and becomes leader of the

herd. Type and pictures are attractive.

It will surprise many to find a coyote the hero of a book. He was introduced in a former story in which he was captured and taken to a zoo. Now in "The Return of Mojave Joe" he has escaped and found his way back to the California hills, with his mate. Again the men of the Brant ranch provide friendly understanding of Joe and his family of little Joes. The villains are the trappers who create plenty of excitement; they almost get the baby coyotes and also the gold bars in their den before Mel does. Their actions and revenge on the Brants seem overdone, as does the wisdom of the coyote. However, it is far above the average western, for many boys over twelve.

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NEWSPAPER:
HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 3 FEBRUARY 1955 - THURSDAY
THE NEW YORK
LOCATION:
og
FFR 3-1955

Ivan Sanderson's Animals Burn.

BELVIDERE, N. J., Feb. 2 (P).'
-A barn fire last night de-.
stroyed forty-five rare animals.
on the farm of Ivan Sanderson,
writer and naturant, while he
was appearing in New York on a
television program

The animals were the major part of Mr. Sanderson's collection, which he displayed in a tropical zoo on Route 46 during the summer and on television, programs weekly in New York."

Among the animals destroyed.
were a masked palm civit from
Borneo, a member of the cat

family; a bassaricyon, a rac-
coon-like animal from Costa,
Rica, and an acuchi, from South,
America, an animal resembling
a rabbit. The only animals to
escape the fire, which leveled the
barn, were an African sheep
staked outside, and four animals
Mr. Sanderson had with him in
New York.
Mr. Sanderson) forty-three, is!
a former chief collector for the
British Museum, and writes!
magazine articles and books on
nature. A native of England,
he has lived on his farm, ten
miles northeast of here, for the
last year.
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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 SEPTEMBER 1952 - SUNDAY
REVTERED NEWYORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 10
23333 2ntive.
SEP 21 1952
MEPH: The Pet Skunk.
By John and Jean George. Illus
trated by Jean George. 180 pp. New
York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
[AD] $2.75.
THE SILVER MINK.
By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated by
the author. 162 pp. Boston: Little,
Brown and Company. $2.50.
WAPITI, THE ELK.
By Rutherford G. Montgomery. Il-
lustrated by Gardell D. Christensen.
186 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and
Company. $2.50.
THE RETURN OF MOJAVE JOE.
By Dustin C. Scott. Illustrated by
Charles H. Geer. 164 pp. New York:
Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
So
OME boys and girls of about
twelve read animal stories
fairly seriously for nature study;
for others, they are just another

escape, as are horse stories, and it is the amount of primitive excitement that counts, rather than the information. Here are books in which these elements vary. Those by Sanderson and Montgomery come closest to the old Seton-Thompson tradition.

The Georges bring to their fourth book more human characters and more of a plot than to their other three. They still offer plenty of detailed observation, and many of their beautiful and well-reproduced wash drawings. A boy, Sycamore Will, keeps Meph for a while for a pet. His family and the matter of soil conservation add interest to the story. The friendship between boy and animal is well done and not sentimentalized, and the whole country scene is very real. The more serious readers will find it rewarding. We liked it best of all the Georges' books.

Mr. Sanderson famous for his fine reference book, "How to Know the American Mammals." Now he writes of one creature, and one also written of by the Georges. Why they all wanted to tell about this most cruel, queer little wild animal, now most famous for the uses of its fur, is a bit puzzling. However, the book is very well written, giving an amazing amount of information in an easily flowing report of one year in a mink's life. The small type makes it more suitable for the teen-age and adults.

Most of us have more sympathy with those noble, huge creatures of the West, of whom Mr. Montgomery writes. He tells of an elk's friendship with an old horse and their escape together from a trapper. It is hardly believable but

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[PAGE BREAK]

DATE: 5 OCTOBER 1951 - FRIDAY
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
ROD
AND GUN
An Author Discusses Dietary Habits of the Fox, and
The Editor Takes Certain Sharp Exceptions
By Edmund Gilligan:
FOR the last hundred years, if not just a little bit longer, our
1951
scienting iterature en plagued by the authors' custom of
giving credit to all their churns, associates and predecessors, especially
those who have patiently read the
proofs. One can't avoid the feel- middle of winter, the fox's love of
ing, in reading some books, that field mice leads him to scrape
the help amounted almost to col-through crust and snow, when all
laboration. This is especially true the time there is the pheasant
of books that are fundamentally, shuddering on its roost above him.
recapitulations of others, such as How does Mr. Sanderson come
"How to Know the American to this wrong conclusion? Since
Mammals," by Ivan T. Sanderson he has collected thousands of spec-
(Little, Brown & Co.). Mr. San-imens, we might expect he knows
derson, I assume, really means what a fox's tummy contains. I
how to recognize our beasties. see that in his acknowledgments
"Knowing" a deer is hardly to be there is this: "My thanks are due
expected even of a scientist.
also to Dr. Clarence Cottam, As-
sistant Director of the U. S. Fish
and Wildlife Service, for having
This book has the sound values lead the manuscript from the point
of any synthesis. Everything is of view of one entrusted with the
there, including the tracks and preservation of our wild fauna."
habitats and the usual inaccura- I suppose, then, that this semi-
cies. There are many rather ordi- collaboration may be one way of
nary line drawings by the author continuing such preservation in a
of various specimens, which seem case where it is dangerous to do
to have been copied for the most so..
Book Has Sound Values
part from pictures and mounted
specimens.
It could not possibly be true, of
course, that Mr. Sanderson has ac-
tually observed all these animals
in their habitats. Such observation
is much more than a lifetime's
work. Anyway, the pronghorn's
nose is out of joint, and there is
mud in its beautiful eyes. Even
the familiar moose is out of pro-
portion. There are several full
color plates by Louis Agassiz
Suertes, including one of the

grizzly bear, in which the face, oddly enough, accurately resembles the bland expression of H. G. (Wells when last I saw him. I can't imagine how this happened.
Since I am interested in the destruction of foxes for the sake of the pheasants and the grouse, I read Mr. Sanderson's page on the red fox with much concern. I had always believed that the Irish and English fox-hunting tradition originated in a plain desire to keep. the geese and capons safe for the table.
It seems that this idea is wrong. Mr. Sanderson asserts that "its fleetness and fatal habit of adhering to a small area around its home den have aroused the hunting instinct of men from earliest times to today." In my surprise I dropped the book, and, on hastily. reopening it, found the diet of the black bear in excessive detail: "Deer and other large game, and small mammals, wild bees and honey, ants, birds' eggs, berries,, fruits, nuts, roots and even grass, and skunk cabbage."
I turned back to the red fox) and found his dlet rather abruptly summed up as follows: "The red; fox serves a most useful service in keeping down the excess rodent-vermin population." I dropped the book again; this time it stays: dropped.
Statements Dismaying
In the history of conservation nothing is more dismaying than these indirect statements that the fox disdains fat geese, capons and particularly breast of pheasant, and that a clutch of wild duck eggs or grouse eggs now and then is equally distasteful to him. We are to understand that, in the,
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[PAGE BREAK]

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 14 JULY 1940 - SUNDAY
AUTO Sonic, U 141 Thomas
Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
The weekly winner in Class B,
Young People and Adults, is Elise'
Voysey, of Cliff Drive, Bayville,
L. I. Her picture shows a girl swim-i
mer and her dog seated on a huge,
Looking
er with a
PERLU in the lastinE
A city street scene in which the
(Continued on page 2 column 2)
JUL 14 1940
Zoological Collection
Held in U. S. for Britain'
Chicago Museum to House,
South American Specimens
Special to the Herald Tribune
CHICAGO, July 13.-A large col-
lection of Central American inverte-!
brate animals, mammals and rep-
tiles obtained by Ivan T. Sander-
son of Belize, British Honduras,
for the British Museum, will be
housed in the Field Museum of
Natural History for the duration
of the war, Clifford C. Gregg, di-
rector of the museum, said today.
Rudyerd Boulton, curator of birds,
and D. Dwight Davis, assistant
curator of anatomy, while on the
recent expedition to the Caribbean,
met Mr. Sanderson and arranged to
send the material here.
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

[PAGE BREAK]

NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 15 DECEMBER 1946 - SUNDAY
stand the man as a product of his
age and as a prime mover in the
great collapse of that age which
RALD TRIBUNEust read
Fbooks too. Some of the best
of them were written by Leo

Tolstoy
20 DEC 15 1946
Famous Stories
ANIMAL TALES:
An Anthology of Animal
Literature of All Countries.
Compiled and annotated by
Ivan T. Sanderson.).
528
pp. New York: Alfred
A. Knopf.
H
... $5.
ERE are thirty-one famous
stories involving animals;
some really happened,
others are realistic, imaginative or
fantastic fiction. They range the
field of literature and maintain a
high level both of skill in narra-
tion and entertainment value. But
what gives them a particularly
strong appeal at this time of year
is their new feature, the beautiful
brush paintings by which the
editor has illustrated them.
Against backgrounds of soft green-
ish-gray, these creatures in black
and white crouch, walk or main-
tain the startled pose of the wild
abruptly confornted by man. Ivan
Sanderson is not only an artist,
not only a naturalist, not only an
author; he reveals in this work an
unusual gift for interpretative
criticism, shown in the comment
which connects the stories and in
the thoroughly and scholarly essay
on the animal tale with which the
book opens.
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

[PAGE BREAK]

ANIMALS NOBODY
KNOWS.
Text and Illustrations by
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE Ivan T. Sanderson...78 pp.
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 15 SEPTEMBER 1940 - SUNDAY
New York: Viking
Press

. $2.
T
HE title of this delightful
book is more alluring than
accurate; I have myself met
an aard vark at the Bronx Zoo, the
aye-ayo may be found in
and une poited cuscus w
and
rusa, unless my memory has sprung:
of Knowledge,
a leak, in the town-ups ex-
while numbers
claimed over pictures like these in
Mr. Sanderson's "Animal Treasure"
and "Caribbean Treasure." But this
is mere quibbling; practically no-
body in the United States knows a
jerboa personally, or a bandicoot, or
for that matter most of the strange
graces that disport under these
large fair pages. This is an animal
Book of Beauty.
The artist-author made the book,
text and pictures, in the jungle of
Dutch Guiana. The descriptions are
lucid and personal; naturalists are
masters of style whether they mean
to be or not. The pictures are fluent,
exotic designs that yet are portraits,
There is a gerenu one longs to
keep at hand for its melodious
curves, and these shrews and civets
are like something dreamed of by
Dunsany in his youth. Try this book
on a child who loves animals and
is just getting interested in such as
he has not yet seen.
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[PAGE BREAK]

LIVING TREASURE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson.).
290 pp.... New York: The
Viking Press.
Reviewed by
[AD] $3.50.
W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS
Author of "The Caribbean," etc.
HERALD TRIPHINE the
N

tropics is an Inexhaustible
success, and through this a
have been able to advancè
other of their àctivities to a dece
of efficiency that sometimes sur-
passes our own." His account of an
atta subterranean city, with a popu-
lation of at least a million and a
complicated economy, bears com-
parlson with the writing of Fabre,
the naturalist, who has dealt most
brilliantly with the life of ants. To
quote:
felice of romance of the
APR 20 Minderson is
quieter br
one of its most gifted exponents. He
is a keen observer who writes with
an infectious enthusiasm and who
also draws uncommonly well. The
thirty-two illustrations in this vol-
ume are alone worth more than the
price of the book.
Mr. Sanderson, his wife Alma and
a crochety assistant named Fred
made a trip for scientific purposes-
the author detests the word expedi-
tion and all "pomposities,"
as he
terms them-through Jamaica, Brit-
ish Honduras and part of Yucatan.
He kept record of his experiences,
and in these pages he tells us, al-
most haphazardly, what he chooses
to remember for the lay public. Many
of the scenes are exquisite word
paintings of the wilderness. A few
are adventures which might have
tragically, but didn't. At
ended
times he is the cool investigator,
who notes minute facts and ex-
Jounds theoris. At others he writes
acetiously, as if eager to get a laugh
of every little contretemps the
Jungle had to offer.
In Jamaica he came upon a rare
parasite in the ear of a bat. He
gives the Latin name, explaining
that it means the round-mouthed
ones. Only three or four examples
had been previously discovered, and
all of them in Brazil. Its presence

had not been suspected in the middle American region. This set the pace for whatever else the Sanderson party did. Howler monkeys and Haitian wild horses were more dramatic, but the tiny bloodsucker that resembled a tick or a mite loomed larger in their plans. A considerable number of specimens were collected, and just how this was accomplished makes a bizarre undertone in a narrative full of variety. A round-mouthed trophy is featured in the last paragraph of the book.

There are fascinating pages on the attas, or parasol ants, described as the only animal, apart from man, that has developed and perfected the practice of agriculture. "This unique accomplishment," writes Mr. Sanderson, "Is the essence of their Parasol ants are not mere regimented automatons. In all their ceaseless, regulated activity they seem to find a place for individual initiative, intelligence and, perhaps, even compassion. . . . It is perhaps permissible to say that these animals are really civilized. They certainly undergo a constant drudgery befitting this estate.

A must for nature lovers, "Living Treasure" is the third book of a series about the tropics by Mr. Sanderson. Its equally attractive predecessors were "Animal Treasure" and "Caribbean Treasure."

DATE: 20 APRIL 1941 - SUNDAY
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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

[PAGE BREAK]

NELSON LV SVXELL HO ALSTEINN FEL
WE ARE NOT BEEN FEL DE COLOR CE FOR CA
From "The Continent We Live On"

THE CONTINENT WE LIVE ON. B Ivan T. Sanderson. 235 photographs, 109 in color. 299 pp. New York. Chon ticleer Press-Random House. $16.95 until January 1; $20 thereafter.

OCT 291961

By Lewis Gannett

THIS is a magnificent book about a magnificent seen or understood as Scottish-born Ivan Sanderson has seen and understood it.

Mr. Sanderson started out in 1959 with an old dream in his heart, he says, and a set of photographs of North America's natural wonders to inspire him. With a geologist, a photographer and an amateur ornithologist as companions, he drove 57,000 miles in a second-hand station wagon-round the Florida and Texas coasts, deep into Mexico, crisscrossing the Western prairies and mountains, up through the wildernesses of British Columbia to Alaska and back through the heartland, with a side airplane flight to Hudson Bay. He had previously flown over Labrador and Greenland; and he was himself a naturalist, a mammalogist, ecologist turned what he now calls "phytogeographer," and a popular writer and lecturer. His aim was to give a "simple, non-technical description" of this various continent as it was before the coming of the white men began the Great Blight.

Illustrating a Continent

Just who assembled the "set of magnificent color photographs" which helped start Ivan Sanderson on his journey this book does not say, and one wonders; for the pictures, even more than the text, make the book. Only two of them are by Mr. Sanderson's photographer-companion on his journey; more are by Fritz Goro, Alfred Eisenstaedt and others of Life's photographic crew. Many of the finest photographs of bird and plant life, which most directly illustrate Mr. Sanderson's text, are by Eliot Porter; others are credited to Allen Cruickshank and other associates of the National Audubon Society. Still other credits go to such oddly assorted sources as the United States

NEWSPAPER:

A lone poppy amid the sun-baked desolation of the Great Basin area

Forest, National Park and Fish and Wild Life Services, the Michigan Conservation Department, the Georgia Forestry Commission, the Ontario Department of Lands, the Los Angeles Museum, Western Ways Features and the Union Pacific Railroad. Whoever selected and arranged them should have major credit for the beauty and significance of this book, which does, indeed, illustrate and interpret a continent.

Wonder and Excitement

Mr. Sanderson is a scientist and a writer with a sense of wonder in his heart; and when he writes. in the course of his 140,000-word text, of his excitement at discovering an almost primeval bit of wilderness in a North Jersey swamp, of a tropical Mexican waterfall, "the most beautiful in the world," of the vast

congregations of migratory birds and "wondrous creatures" on the Texas islands, of riding a manatee off the Florida Keys, or of unspoiled Mexico, he lifts the reader's heart with him.

He is a scientist with something of John Gunther's gift for the amazing if irrelevant fact. He is as passionately factual about the poisonous scorpions as about the "dish-faced bears" (don't ever suggest in his presence that such terms as "black" or "brown" or "grizzly" bears have any scientific meaning). It delights him that Alaska is one of the few parts of this continent that has never been glaciated; that it is obviously impossible for three-inch hummingbirds to fly twelve hundred miles, at ninety wingbeats a minute, across open sea-but that they do; that no one really knows quite how salmon find their way home, or how a billion bats can pour out of a fifty-foot cave-mouth in a few minutes without a single collision; that a single oyster pumps fifty gallons of water a day through its system; that the Grand Canyon itself is an inexplicable geological mystery. He enjoys exploding myths: California's sequoias, he points out, are not the tallest, the heaviest or the oldest of North American trees; and some of the kelp plants off the coast may be bulkier! He argues that, next to beaver, the prairie dog has done more than

THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
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DATE: 29 OCTOBER 1961 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS - PAGE 3
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1962 ANNUAL

any other native animal to make North America what it is today.

He is also an earnest "phytogeographer" determined to sort out and label the phytogeographical "provinces" and "belts" and "zones" into which this great continent may be classified; and since the accidents of geography force him on occasion to include such assorted areas as Pike's Peak, the Carlsbad Canyon and the Grand Canyon in a single "province" (they may be called, he explained, sub-zones of sub-belts), his pigeonholing efforts may remind some readers of the semantic waste lands of the sub-) terature called "sociology."

The serious-minded reader nevertheless may realize, through all this classification, more of the essential structure and variety of this continent than he had ever guessed possible; and the casual browser will be delighted at word-pictures of tundras and taigas, grass plains and near-jungles, birds and rocks and flowers and trees, unexcelled in all the literature of our landscape. And any one who picks up the book and turns its pages will feel pulsing excitements, some-

times of recognition, sometimes of discovery, of the persistent beauty of a continent which all our sprawling cities have not yet succeeded in spoiling.

Is Man "Unnatural"?

"Spoiling" is Mr. Sanderson's word; he loves Nature "unspoiled." But what, to a detached evolutionist, can "spoiling" mean? From an earthworm's point of view. for instance, the prairie dogs and the beavers-not to mention the glaciers of the Ice Age-have been "spoiling" this continent for millania. For the dinosaurs who once roamed it, certainly it was "spoiled" long ago. And if the "spoilings" of the past are accepted as products of "Nature"-or, as some say, God-why should not Lake Mead and even New York City also be accepted as patterns of natural evolution? Is only man, and man necessarily, "unnatural"?

Lewis Gannett, an accomplished and devoted naturalist who has crossed the continent a number of times, is author of "Sweet Land" and other books.

[PAGE BREAK]

ANO NEED TO BE THE COLLECTION SHE WORE C

60 Million Years of Whales

FOLLOW THE WHALE.

By Ivan T Sanderson Maps and charte by the auther. Chapter head drawings by F. Wenderoth Saunders. 483 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company $6

Reviewed by

ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

T

1958

HE bibliography of whaling has passed 7,000 titles. Most accounts treat of a single phase or epoch. Ivan Sanderson starts at or near the beginning and brings us up to the minute. Quite properly, he understands whales and whaling as referring to all cetaceans and their capture-porpoises and dolphins no less than the giants. He shows us that recorded whaling forms only a thin topmost stratum of a calling that goes back eight millennia. Further, indeed, because bone harpoons from the coast of Portugal have been dated by archeologists as of 16,000 years B. C. In short, Mr. Sanderson's book

deals with the whole gamut of whaling from the dimly surmised rent efficient butchery in which, to paraphrase the saying about Chicago pork-packers, each captured whale is completely utilized except for the spout. Under the curious title of "Posthistoric Period," the author treats of whales and their ancestors in reverse direction, from 1955 back to "60,000,000 B. C.," that is, to the commencement of the Age of Mammals. The book also has three sections of introductory matter, five appendixes, one of which contains drawings of fifty species of cetaceans and a bibliography arranged by periods and subjects. Each chapter in the historical, section opens with a scene of highly dramatized fiction-not lacking purple passages-followed by the factual record so far as the author has been able to unearth it. His métier is discursive and a wealth of history or, at any rate, of historical impressions, is. obtainable from the reading. He pays tribute to the contributions of successive national groups and concludes that the Hollanders, who started in the early seven-

Hussey, of Nantucket, 1712; the Sanderson sometimes outstrides a real distortion and misleading invention of the harpoon-cannon, the evidence. Navigational quad- conventional orientation, are in by Svend Foyn, 1864; the building rants, for instance, were carried line with the new geography. of the first factory ship by C. A. on no vessels in the seventeenth Larsen, 1923. But stressed through- century. because the instrument out his whole story is the univer- was devised in 1780. sality of whaling by maritime peoples.

Mr. Sanderson in this book has the field pretty much to himself, and the reviewer finds it easier to accept than to evaluate. The account of modern steam whaling is an excellent summary, though not without its slips. No harpoon-cannon, for example, was ever charged with "350 pounds of black powder." Mr. Sanderson states that the current exploitation has taken "as many as twenty thou-

sand whales in one year." The actual figure, horrible to contemplate, is 64,6641

His description of Yankee whaling under sail contains a larger number of departures from fact. (His bibliography for this section is also strikingly deficient.) Most astonishing is the allegation that "sperm whales have to be held afloat after death." The contrary is true; dead sperm whale practically never sink, even in the relatively non-buoyant tropical

prehistoric methods to the present- teenth century and held the lead water. There is no creditable recday hegemony of the Norwegians.

Between these extremes we view the subject rather conjecturally in the earlier stages as practiced by the Phoenicians, Greeks and [AD] Romans, and later (500-1600 A.D.) by Norse, Basque and Japanese contemporaries. This leads to the much better known campaigns, beginning in the seventeenth century, of English, Dutch, Scotch and American whalemen, all of which were eclipsed by the cur- for 200 years, are still the champions for sound management and the purchasing power of their profits.

Mr. Sanderson points out four great critical events in whaling history. These are: the first. cutting-in and boiling on a ship at sea, by the Basque, François Sapite, near the end of the sixteenth century; the first capture of a sperm whale, by Christopher ord of a sperm whale weighing a "hundred tons." Neither does a Yankee crew go "overboard upon the corpse and start cutting-in. This work, except for one brief operation, is all done from a suspended scaffold, the cutting-stage. Nor did the Yankees use "clinker-built boats" Smooth whaleboats make much less noise. Indeed errors in factual detail are too numerous to mention here. Zoologically and nautically, too, Mr.

Mr. Sanderson's eleven maps,
showing the oceans stripped of
Dr. Murphy went whaling in the
Far South with the late Capt. C. A.
Larsen. He is also author of "Log-
book for Grace," the personal rec-
ord of a year's cruise in a New
Bedford whaler.
"Indispensable." -N. Y. Times
Volume X
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II
BY
Samuel Eliot
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 18 MARCH 1956 - SUNDAY
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- PAGE 11
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST
1956 ANNUAL

[PAGE BREAK]

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN
WHOSE Footprints?
DEC 241961
ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: Legend
Come to Life. By Ivan T Sanderson.
Illustrated. 525 pp. New York: Chit-
ton Company. $7.50.
By William O. Douglas
Maharajah
I showed me through the window
of his living room where he had
seen an abominable snowman run-
ning across the lawn. In Calcutta
Tenzing told me that all the Sher-
pas, including himself, were cer-
tain there was such an animal. In
the Gobi Desert of Mongolia I
heard that the abominable snow-
man was frequently seen. There
he is known as Almaz.
They were reported seen in
British Guiana. Africa reports the
presence of abominable snowmen
in three areas. In some regions
the abominable snowman/is
pygmy; in others it is a giant. The
author follows reports into Indo-
nesia and South Asia. His attempt

is to separate fact from fiction
and to relate those accounts which
are reliable to the theme of the
book, viz., that the abominable
snowman is a hominid" other
than known kinds of modern man.
His attempt is to relate these
legends to anthropology.
He takes all the evidence and
breaks it down in the fashion of
an FBI laboratory technician, and
These are the types of rumors
and folklore any traveler to the ends up with nothing but foot-
areas of the Himalayan ranges prints. These come in four differ-
hears. The author of this book ent forms and are widely sepa-
starts with the legends and con-rated. But from these meager data
ducts a journalistic inquiry into he constructs an interesting the-
their sources and their veracity.
He covers a wide territorý in
his search. British Columbia and
Northern California have their
own special legends. So does Al-
bany, Oregon, with its 1961 report
of the "monster of Conser Lake."
There were eighteen and a half
inch footprints on the beaches of
northern Washington to match
those Eric Shipton photographed
in the snowfields of the Himalaya.
People in Mexico have seen an
abominable snowman, they say. A
man in British Columbia swears he
was captured by four of them and
held for a few days.
ory. He believes the abominable
Snowman does exist, and he sug-
gests the basis for further scien-
tific research.
The author is loquacious by
never boring. He is in a sense,
special pleader. How an anthr
pologist would assess his data I
do not know. But his book prom-
ises to give the abominable snow-
man a new prominence, at least
in legend and folklore.
William O. Douglas, a Justice
of the U. S. Supreme Court, is a
world-wide traveler.
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 24 DECEMBER 1961 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS - PAGE 6

REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1962 ANNUAL

[PAGE BREAK]

Biography
IVAN TERENCE SANDERSON
Born:
Father:
Mother:
Mar. 1955
Edinburgh, Scotland, January 30, 1911.
Arthur Buchanan Sanderson, Whisky manufacturer (Vat 69)
Stella Robertson de Boileau, financier.
Educations private schools; Eton College 1924-27; Cambridge University 1929-31,
B.A. degrees with Honors in Geology, Zoology and Botany.
(Note: Father killed by rhinoceros making Martin Johnson's film
"Cimba" in 1924. All these films were made on his father's farm
and private game reserve in Kenya.)
Chronological Record
Prior to 1927:
etc.
Extensive traveling with family from the age of five years,
Visited Norway, north Atlantic islands, Mediterranean coast,
Season on a Norwegian steam whaler 1. Extensive travel also on the
mainland of Europe visiting almost all countries.
1927-29
Upon leaving Eton, he made a round-the-world trip, spending
several months in Indonesi collecting zoological specimens
for the British Museum The itinerary was from England to France Egypt, India,
Ceylon, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, Bali, Celees, New Guinea and a large number of
the smaller islands by native prau, to Info-China, Siam, and then on foot to
Canton, China from where he went by sea to Shanghai, Visited Peking and Marbin
and crossed to Japan and thence by schooner orossed to the U.S. and drove through
32 states before returning to England, where he attended Cambridge University
for three years.
1931-32
On leaving Cambridge, organized and led scientific expedition to
Nigeria and the Came roons, West Africa on behalf of the British
Museum, Cambridge and London Universities, the Royal Society and the Linnean
Societies of London. Collected over 20,000 specimens which were written up in
a number of technical journals. Popular book Animal Treasure a Book-of-the-Month
Club selection for 1937.
1932-35
Scientific research in England and established company in field
of industrial consultants. Several trips to European countries
and an extended collecting trip to Morpoco.
1935-36
Second scientific expedition, to the West Indies, on behalf of
Cambridge University and the Government of Trinidad where ho
studied the vampire bats that carry human rabies, Jamaica, Haiti, Leoward
Islands and Trinidad.
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1936-37
- 2
Third scientific expedition to Suriname (Dutch Guiana) on be
half of the British Musoume Again over 20,000 specimens col-
looted, and reports published in scientific journals, Popular book Caribbean
Treasure, bost sellor now published in nine languages,
1937-38
Fourth scientific expedition to Jamaica, British Honduras, and
Yucatan. Completo forest and faunal survey made of British
Honduras for the local government and collections of spo cimons made for British
Musoum and Chicago Natural History Museum Bought a 60-foot schoonor, completoly
robuilt and rofittoà as a homo with laboratory, Mado a trip down to the Amazon,
then laid up the boat. Children's book Animals Nobody Knows
1938-39
Fifth oxpedition to west coast mountain rangos of Mexico from
Sonora to Tehuanto poo and Chiapes. The purpose was the re-
discovery of 22 species of rats only ongo boforo collected, Fifteen of tho so
woro obtainod,
1939-40
Sixth scientific expedition from British Honduras by schooner
throughout the Wost Caribbean visiting over 5000 crays and
islands and thon procooding to the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua and up tho
Juringuas River 100 milos into unexplorod territory, Sovoral thousands of
spo cimons collected. Third book ontitled Living Treasure published during
this period.
1940-43
British Naval Intolligonce, In chargo of wostorn Caribbean
arca for corta in services during submarine warfare:
travols in the line of duty.
1943-47
ExtonsivO
Transforrod to British Ministry of Information in New York,
Sole liaison officor British American overscas information and
propaganda for all countries outside the US, the United Kingdom, and onomy->
In charge press analysis on behalf of all British home and
occupied territory.
ovorsoas ministries and diplomatic posts Transferod to British Foroign Offico
with diplomatic rank 1946. Ono book, a fictional story for childron entitlod
Mystery Schoonor was a Junior Literary Guild choice for 1944.
1947-53
Resigned from British Govornment Servico, organized his own
business as a New York corporation and became a permanent rosi-
Ro-commoncod writing popular natural history- Animal Talos,
dont of the U.S.
an anthology (1947); Trinidad, a guide book (1950), How to Know The Amorican
Mammals, popular science (1951); The Silver Mink, a natural history juvenile (1952)
John and Juan in The Jungle, a juvonilo (1953). Numorous articles in many
mational magazines such as the Roaders Digest, Saturday Evening Post, Truo,
Argosy etc. Yearly lecture tour,
In 1948 ho was invitod by tho National Broadcasting Company to start a fivo-day-

a-wook radio sorics on natural scionco ovor WNBC. This was maintained until 1949. In lato 1948 a twice-wookly tolovision scrios on natural history was also
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bogun ovor WNBT. In 1951 ho initiatod the first rogularly tolo cast Color-TV sorios, fivo days a wook for CBS. This continued until color-casting was discontinuod by governmont ardor, In 1952 he did a fivo-day-a-wook broadcast and a onco-a-wook tole cast as Scionco & Roscarch Director for Station WBAL in Baltimoro.
At the samo timo, he bogan regular wookly appearancos on tho Garry Moore Show ovor the CBS Notwork, This foaturo is now in its second continuous
In April 1952, ho bogan a twico-wookly radio sorios ovor
successful yoar.
station WSTC, Stamford, Conn., on bohaif of tho Stamford Musoum. Ho has appoarod on all notworks as a guost in a variety of programs and has prosontod his own programs via NBC Color (1953) and ABC (1953).
In 1952 also, he founded a small privato zoo in collaboration with tho Musoum at Stamford, and began training a colloction of raro animals for research, ox--hibition purposes and tolevision, Those activitios are part of a soparato operation known as Ivan Sanderson, Inc. with offices at 3215 Northorn Blvd., Long Island City, New York,
Becauso of Mr. Sanderson's many interests, his work is channollod through special representativos in each fiold. In addition to the specializod work of his own firm, the following organizations sorve as his representativos,
Literary Agont:
Nows pa por Featuros.
and Roportago.
Loctures:
Radio and Tolovision
and Personal
Representativo:
Paul R, Reynolds & Son
599 Fifth Avonue, New York, N.Y.
North Amorican Nowspaper Allianco
229 Wost 43rd Streot, Now York, NY.
W. Colston Loigh
521 Fifth Avenue, Now York, N. Yo
Josoph I. Sonnenroich
143 Wost 103rd Stroot, Now York, N.Y.
Monument 3-7138
For additional information, call or writo Mr. Sanderson's personal roprosontativo.
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[PAGE BREAK]

Dinosaur Got Help
In Making Tracks
Trail in Suwange Land Is
Found To Be Man-Made

By a Stat Correspondent
OLD TOWN Dixie County, Fla.,| Nov. 10.-Ivan Sanderson who has a natural-history program on radio| station WNBC and who is down | here on the Suwanee River investi-gating large three-toed some tracks which were found near a tourist camp, concluded today that the tracks were man made and not of animal origin. Most local residents continue to profess mystification as the flow of winter tourists increases.

Mr. Sanderson moved over to the idea that the tracks were man made after studying a chart of the tracks he had made on graph paper. After announcing his de-cision Mr. Sanderson prepared to take a boat trip of several days on the Suwanee River.

V
C
b

Although Mark Cheney, who t operates the tourist camp near f which the tracks were found, o. denied that he knew anything F about how they were made, other local residents less interested in the tourist business indicated that the simulated dinosaur feet had 'been brought here from Clear-water, Fla., and strapped to the feet of a man who then pranced! around in the wet sand along the river bank Similar tracks had appeared at Clearwater, 120 miles away, during the last tourist season.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK
LOCATION:
HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 11 NOVEMBER 1948 - THURSDAY
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TUR FINIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

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cently carved-Chien Lung period (1730-
magnifi-
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Stewart. 16 E. 49 at. nr 5 av
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dess of Mercy) for sale Yin (God-
Chinese ivory figure of Kwang Xin
God. By appoloped. Individual instruc-
Jewel,
cleans
feed. MU 2-9299.
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quickly, inexpensively. Guaran-
62d at. What Hats!
Meet me at The Sample Hat House. 141 E.
ustice of the Pence Muller, 930 Washing.
Evening hours for gentlemen. SYBNOL,
ple new method. No exercise
8 Madison av. (nr. 53d). PL 5-4140.
or rat treatment, to convince
ose inches while you relax, with our sim-
rugs. Disrobing unnecessary diet or
Counselor, 342 Madison (44th). MU 2-0253.
ob floundering? Consult Helen Trimpe,
charge
Broadway. LUxemburg 2-3206 lbox, 1874
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Swiss. Shock and water resistant
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d Tribun
cast.
of the many characters in ing the tracks he said, "Never seen
anything like 'em before." When
There is Mr. Cheney, who found asked what he thought of them,
the tracks. He is a friendly, thin- he grinned and said, "I got an
nej 3
faced man who operates a well ad- opinion, but I ain't saying what it
vertised tourist court, restaurant, is." Then he started the motor
gift shop and the Jungle Drive. His of his little boat and was soon
refuse to give manner is co-operative, but re- chugging over the dark waters, his

garding the origin of the tracks he bent figure in the stern and his
any persons have just doesn't know what to think. eyes scanning every foot of the
crack into
There is State Highway Pa- banks, with their moss-hung trees.
theasured the tracks,
trolman Carlos Musgrove, who There is John R. Bothwell, re-
ardent investigator is
reported the tracks to the news- porter of "The St. Petersburg
dersc
who has a Nat-papers after Mr. Cheney had in- Times," who came to the Suwan-
ram at 9:15 a. m. formed him of his find. Patrol- nee River to tell the story of
kdays on WNBC, and who has man Musgrove, who measured the the tracks,. After getting avail-
written magazine articles toying tracks with sticks, shakes his head able facts he expressed the opinion
with the possibilty of living dino- and says, "If it was put there by that there are public-spirited citi-
saurs. Mr. Sanderson came down man he did a perfect job. It's got zens in Florida who will go to con-
from New York to investigate this me stumped."
siderable length to attract tourists!
are animal-made or man-made.
peculiar incident. He has meas- There is Al Williams, a business to their sections.
ured and studied the tracks and
man from Clearwater, who has There are many more charac-|
questioned many individuals. UP taken a deep interest in the tracks ters, including superstitious na-
to now he has declined to give an
since they first appeared in the tives who tell dark tales of the
opinion as to whether the tracks Clearwater section last February, swamps, and the tourists, a new
and who has an admitted penchant group of whom occupy the cabins
Some consider it significant that for practical joking. Mr Williams each night. They are interested
V. T. Hamlin, the artist who draws flew here from Clearwater to in- but cannot be relied upon for any-
the comic strip Alley Oop," is a spect the tracks, and returned thing pertinent, especially in the
winter resident of Clearwater. Re-again yesterday. He has a habit of case of one woman from Ten-
cently one of the dinosaurs in pointing out how difficult it would nessee who asked, "Is this the
the strip swallowed a radio and be for human beings to make the St. Lawrence River?"
has been emitting music as a re-tracks. On the other hand, he Missing from the cast of char-
sult. The song which has been points out that the only tangible acters is any representative of the
coming out of the dinosaur lately evidence is the tracks themselves. American Museum of Natural His-|
is "Way Down upon the Suwanee "That's all we've got to go on," he tory. They prefer to stay in New
Ribber."
says.
York, holding to the findings of
Meanwhile, the cast of char- Then there is Martin . Sharp, science which says that dinosaurs|
acters continues to grow. There a taciturn river man, tali. thin, became extinct sixty million years
are few who are not suspect. weather-beaten and soft-spoken. ago.
People get off in pairs and small When questioned about the tracks Mr. Sanderson continues to
groups and discuss the possibly he said, "A little unusual for this carry on his investigation and re-
significant actions of others. Any- section." Then he proceeded to tell cord his broadcasts. The Su-
thing that might have bearing on about hearing something make a wanee River keps on its winding
the tracks becomes the subject of "big churnin' fuss" in the swamp way through the swamp. At night|
intense analysis. While Mr. San- one night.
the barred owls emit their strange|
derson is analyzing the chart he There is E. G. Williams, a small, cries in the cyprus trees and the|
has made of a section of the tracks, wrinkled fisherman who virtually alligators thrash about in the
it is well to go back and introduce lives in the river. After inspect-shadows.
NEWSPAPER:

LOCATION:
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 10 NOVEMBER 1948 - WEDNESDAY
PAGE 1 & 22, column 5-7.
ARTICLE: 3-TOED TRACKS LIKE A DINOSAUR'S KEEP SUWANEE LAND STIRRED UP.
AUTHOR: JOHN O'REILLY
11

[PAGE BREAK]

1!
HERALD T
3-Toed Tracks Like a Dinosaur's
Keep Suwanee Land Stirred Up
IVAN SANDERSON
By John O'Reilly
try without leaving their automo-
biles.
[Mr. O'Reilly will have the help
The tracks led out of the Su-
of the Herald Tribune Flying
Newsroom in covering this Florida wanee River, across a strip of
land to a swamp and back across
assignment.]
OLD TOWN, Dixie County, Flor- the strip to another section of the
ida (upon the Suwanee River), Swamp. They were fourteen incheg
Nov. 9.-This section of western wide and fifteen inches long, with
the center toe longer than the two
Florida is stirred up over the
most recent appearance of huge, outside toes. There were impres-
three-toed tracks which have been sions at the end of each toe, indi-
cating toenails.
the object of banter and appre-
hension since last February. These Since then this little community
most recent tracks appeared on beside the famous river has taken
Oct. 17 near a popular tourist on the atmosphere of a "Who-
-camp on the bank of Suwanee Dun-It" mystery To some the
Their discovery coincided dark waters of the old river, which
pretty well with the beginning of winds through the swamp on its
way to the Gulf of Mexico, have
the winter tourist season.
River.
The new tracks, similar to the taken on a sinister aspect. Others
ones which pestered the Clearwater are racking their brains to deter-
region during the last tourist sea- mine how the tracks could have
discovered by Marx been man-made. At present the
son, were
Cheney where they crossed his "Who Dun Its" far outnumber the
"Jungle Drive," a place where "What Dun Its" and there are old
tourists can see the swamp coun- (Continued on page 22, column 5)
NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
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WEDNESDAY
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

[PAGE BREAK]

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
DATE: 26 MARCH 1955 - SATURDAY
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Cup-Size Marmo ART20 1955

Ring-Tailed Lemur Among House Guests on 45th St.

The Ivan T. Sanderson, of
325 W. 45th St. have as house
guests a hedgehog-tenrec and
a ring-tailed emup both of
Madagascar and a slow loris
from Indo-China and reported
yesterday that the hedgehog-
tenrec, the most recent arrival
and the only on of its kind to
arrive alore in te United States,

"He gets through a good-sized
hare
With Onions
was settling own as comfort-
ably as can be expected of a Belgian hare, prepared with on-
ions and sliced apples, in a
Mr. Sandson has an animal week," said Mr. Sanderson yes-
hedgeho
farm nar Blanstown, N. J., and terday, still registering amaze-
rents animals for television pro-ment.
animals, which
grams appearing with some of The other
them himself once a week in the have quarters in the Sanderson
Garry Moore show. Sensitive study, are less fastidious and
charges, especially those arriv-will consume almost any fruit or
ing from far parts, are kept in vegetable that Mr. Sanderson
*he Sanderson apartment until picks up for them at an Eighth
y become acclimated and Ave. store.
hen sent to the farm.

Especially Sensitive
tender
Both the ring-tailed lemur,
which somewhat resembles a
The hedgehog-tenrec, being racoon and the slow loris, a
are furry,

especially rare and especially slothlike creature,
sensitive, has been the object of fairly friendly creatures and en-
hospitality tirely credible on first glance,
since its arrival two weeks ago. but the hare-eating hedgehog-
It sleeps in Mr. Sanderson's tenrec taxes the credulity of the
unusually
bedroom and its every whim is uninformed observer.
Although about the size of a
humored.
Mr. and Mrs, Sanderson had cat, it weighs only a pound and
grave doubts about their ability a half, including its long, slender
to meet the requirements of nose, which would be called
their new guests diet for, when trunk in case of an elephant
in Madagascar, it subsists upon that size. It is thickly stud
insects and worms, neither of with grayish spines and
which flourish in great numbers sembles nothing familiar to
in that part of 45th St. at this other residents of W. 45th/
their waking moments.
time of year.
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